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VERMONT *Quarterly*

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



January 1953

The PROCEEDINGS of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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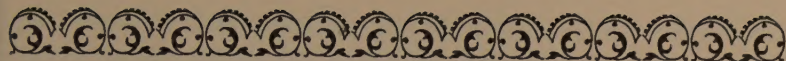
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STRATTON MOUNTAIN (ELEVATION 3,859 FT.) AS SEEN FROM PERU

In August, 1777 General Stark and his men blazed a trail through the defile between the hill in the foreground and Stratton Mountain on their way to the Battle of Bennington. On his frequent trips between Westminster and Sunderland, General Ethan Allen spurred past this Mountain. July 8, 1840 some fifteen thousand people crowded the grove on the Mountain to hear Daniel Webster address the Stratton Convention. Of the little town of Peru, the historian writes: "The years pass gently and peacefully, each telling its tale of births and deaths, of change and of decay, but all so quietly that to learn the history of one is to know the history of all."



GROWING UP IN PERU (1815 - 1840)

By NANCY BARNARD BATCHELDER

Through the kindness of her granddaughter, Mrs. Claude M. Campbell of Manchester Center, Vt., we present Nancy Barnard Batchelder's memories of life as it was lived in the small town of Peru over a hundred years ago. The daughter of Benjamin Barnard, jr. (an early settler of Peru) and Hepsabeth Philbrook, Nancy was born in 1815 and spent most of her life in Peru, first as a teacher, later as the wife of the Hon. Ira K. Batchelder, whom she married in 1840. Written in her eighties for the delectation of her granddaughter, these recollections bring to life the vanished folkways of a typical Vermont agricultural community.

THE TURNPIKE across the mountain and myself came into being the same year, 1815. My earliest recollection of my childhood was making mud pies and cakes; I was the one that Mother called when the baby waked up and if I were mixing mud, I would run to the brook, wash my hands, wipe them on my tow and linen apron, and run and try to put him to sleep. The older girls were generally helping Mother or Father, for we worked out of doors as soon as we were old enough to drop potatoes or corn and get the cows and turn them out.

We went to school eight weeks in summer and eight in winter, when if the weather was blustering, Father took all six of us on the ox sled. We carried dinner for all of us in one basket, mostly brown bread and cheese made by our mother, sometimes pancakes dropped in hot fat. The schoolhouse was warmed by a large fireplace, just as our house was. At home everything hung on a crane over the fire to boil and we had a spider to fry in over the coals and a bake pan with a cover to put coals over. Once a week in winter and twice in summer the big brick oven was heated and filled with brown bread, wheat bread, a bean pot, Indian pudding and pies.

In those days we had two holidays a year—Fast and Thanksgiving—one in April and the other the first Thursday in December. Fast Day was kept about the same as Sunday. We went to meeting, three miles away, and some of us walked one way as there was not room for everyone to ride.

Thanksgiving week was a great event in our young lives. Prepara-

tions began early Tuesday: killing chickens, stewing pumpkins, boiling meat, paring and chopping apples and getting ready to bake Wednesday, when the pies were baked in the brick oven, a dozen or more, with brown and wheat bread. We each had a little pie all our own, which was always mince. And as far as I can recall, we only had these mince pies once a year—at Thanksgiving time. On Thursday morning the oven was heated for two or three hours while we prepared to fill it with our dinner. First we put in a piece of pork, then stuffed chickens, chicken pie and plum pudding. For vegetables we had potatoes and onions and there were always cider and apples. Dinner was ready at two or three o'clock. But before we sat down, we all stood at our places while Father leaned over his chair and asked the usual blessing. He always used the same form which went like this:

“Most gracious and merciful Lord our God. We pray thee that thou wouldst bless this portion of food set before us and may we receive it with thankful hearts and cause that we may live in thy fear and for thy honor and glory. Amen.”

We generally had a party or went to a party in the evening, where we played blind fold and chase the squirrel and the button. The older ones in our family went to balls but never danced; I never knew how.

At home Father held family prayers at which we all stood except Mother, who held the baby. The pews in church were large with seats on both sides, arranged with hinges so that they could be turned up when the congregation stood during prayer; when the Amen was spoken, they came down with a bang! We heard two sermons, carried our dinner, ate it, then attended Sabbath School where we learned Bible verses which I find a great comfort now I cannot read.

We also had a five o'clock meeting at the schoolhouse in our district—called a conference meeting—to which every family brought a tallow candle which was set with the others all around the room.

On the first Monday of every month there was a monthly concert, at which we paid our contribution for foreign missions, and then there was our preparatory lecture, which came once every three months, where all who wished were examined for admission to the church and then stayed on probation for the next six months.

We had a militia and what they used to call “training days” and once a year muster was held for two days, which all the men of the

right age were expected to attend. My father used to keep a tavern and sometimes the officers took their dinner there: quite a curiosity for us children, since the officers were in uniform with white or red feathers in their caps and rode nice horses.

I have said that my father kept tavern, but it was very different from those you see nowadays. He sold rum, old and new, and brandy, and as he could not afford to keep a bartender, Mother and the girls tended bar when Father was away for the day. The men seldom stayed for a second glass and if they did, we did not stay with them, but went back to our spinning: flax and tow in the spring and wool in summer. We charged three cents a glass for new rum, four for the old and five cents a glass for brandy and sold crackers for a cent apiece. We asked twenty cents for a meal and six for a night's lodging. For two quarts of oats, we asked six cents, for four quarts, eight cents and for a peck twelve and a half cents.

Father worked the farm and raised most of his provisions as well as wool and flax. The flax seed was sown in the spring and pulled in early autumn and I helped do it. After it was pulled, the flax was spread in rows on the grass to rot, then taken up, bound in bundles and put in the barn to wait for early spring, when Father carried out a few bundles at a time and either set it around the fire to dry or spread it out of doors. He pounded off the seed before he dried the flax. Then it was ready for the brake and next for the swingle. After which the tow was hatched out so that both parts were ready to be spun: the tow on the big wheel and the flax on the little wheel. Sometimes four of us girls would be spinning at one time.

It was a day's work for grownups to card and spin four skeins of seven knots each, forty threads to a knot, two yards in length. If it was carded for us, six skeins were a day's work. The flax on the little wheel was spun into two double skeins of fourteen knots each. When we were little, our first "stent" was one skein of tow and this was increased as we grew taller and stronger. When we had spun enough tow for a web of twenty yards, it was boiled out in ashes and water and well washed to soften it, then spooled and warped ready to weave into cloth. From this cloth we made shirts, pants and all our underclothes after bleaching it by spreading it on the grass and wetting it as fast as it dried.

All our tablecloths were woven in different figures as were our towels. Our everyday dresses were made from flax too and were colored blue and copras color and woven in checks. In fact, everything we wore was made from the woven flax and the woolen cloth

we made. Mother used to make woolen cloth to sell as well and with the money she bought us some calico dresses for church of which we were extremely proud. We never were forced to work and we usually got our "stent" done and cleaned up the floor before dinner.

When we reached our teens, we used to have apple bees, at which ten to twenty boys and girls would pare and core and string the apples ready to put to dry, after which we had pie and cheese. Then the boys took the girls home; but they never went home with them from meeting.

Once we had a high old time when a group of us went out and pushed Father's signpost over. He took the sign off before he went to Montpelier, in accordance with Mother's wishes. And it was never hung up again, for after that we did not feel obliged to keep tavern.

The farmers had a good time at the huskings and ate pie and cheese after the work was done. Sometimes the women went and stayed in the house and took care of the family's babies. People were very glad to help each other in sickness and sometimes even helped the lazy ones by turning out at night to mow down their grass or grain. However, they never cut wood for the lazy ones.

In those days, wild animals were plenty. Many a time have I sat on the door rock and heard the wolves howl and seen bears walking across the pasture where we used to go for the cows. The sheep had to be guarded every night and sometimes wolves even came into the yard.

Father had a family of seven children: four girls and three boys. The girls all married farmers and the boys all married farmers' daughters. All fourteen were members of the Congregational Church, except one who united with the Baptists and another who joined the Methodists. None of them were intemperate on either side and I don't think that one of them chewed; only one ever smoked. Four are over the river and three are waiting.

While he was still keeping tavern, my father received a letter from a younger brother, Joseph, who lived in the South and had a plantation and kept slaves. Uncle Joseph reminded Father of the sin of selling rum and quoted these words: "I say unto thee as Nathan said unto David, thou art the man, the Lord hath prospered thee all these days, and in blessings he hath blessed thee and caused thee to see his goodness, and yet ye will depart from him in that ye sell ardent spirits to the ruining of His cause and the souls of men." We

had never looked on it in that light and did not have the means for information as in later days. And we were not reminded of it by seeing people drunk, for I never saw one during all the days or years we sold rum. But the letter must be answered and as my father never wrote letters, he put that task to me.

I acknowledged Uncle's letter and told him of our health and prosperity. Then I wrote: "The quotation in your letter reminded me of another saying of our Lord: 'Cast the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye.'" Not long after this letter from my uncle, my father gave up keeping tavern and selling rum. Not, I think, from any influence the letter had over him, but because it was the time of the first great temperance movement and a Society was formed in our town to which we all put our names.

About this time certain improvements came into vogue. Our father put in a cook stove, the second in town. It was called the Conant Stove. Quite high in front, it had an oven over the fire, two oblong griddles on each side, and a boiler. Behind this boiler was a low part with a large round griddle which could be removed to make a place for the large brass kettle we used to hang over the fire for washing. A separate fire was built in the back part of the stove when the large kettle was to be used. It made us feel almost homesick when the big fireplace was shut up with a large board and a smaller one nailed in place to hide the old brick oven and the ash hold under it, where we still put our ashes.

We still kept a fire in the old barroom—we called it that as long as the house stood. Over this fire was a shelf with gimlet holes where Mother put the gimlet in and hung a sparerib up to roast, since she could not bake them in the oven. Here we used to sit in the evenings around the fire, which we still found more pleasant than the stove: some to work, others to read, with a three-legged stand to set our tallow candles on. Pine knots flung on the fire also added to the light. A smaller fireplace in the parlor was used for special occasions.

Now as time brought so many changes: the tavern given up, my brothers old enough to help Father on the farm and tow spinning less important, it was thought best I should leave home to attend school. As I had only gone for eight weeks during the winter for a number of years, it cost me quite a struggle to travel as far from my family as Westminster, Mass.—the town where my father was born and where relatives made it pleasant for me.

There I went to the Academy, worked for my board, and paid

three dollars a term of twelve weeks for tuition. I stayed two terms and was glad to get home again, having left home in September and finished in April. After my return I taught school in an adjoining town for eight weeks, beginning the first of May. I was to have a dollar a week and board, to be got by going around the district and staying from one to six days at a place, according to the amount entered on the Grand List. I had twenty scholars, most of them small. There was only one class, but each scholar read in the spelling book and Testament twice a day. At closing time I had them rise, walk out, one at a time, and make their manners as they went out. If one of them forgot, I called him back to do it. I taught six days a week and gave them credit marks for lessons with a prize at the end for the one at the head of the class. At the end of the eight weeks I went home and as it was wool-spinning time, I worked at that until September.

In 1834, when I was nineteen, I went to school at Castleton, Vermont (the Seminary) for a term, where I studied chemistry, composition and spelling. It was at Castleton that I received the first letter from the one whom I married six years later. In those days it took a long time to get acquainted and it would have been considered "fast" to write oftener than once a month or receive a visit.

I was in Castleton twelve weeks and paid twenty-five dollars for my board and tuition, boarding in the Seminary. At the close of the term, I went home and took the school for the winter where I had taught the previous summer. I was to have one dollar and a half a week and "board around," as in the summer, for about ten weeks commencing the middle of December. I had between thirty and forty scholars and some of the boys were as old as myself, but they were too manly to make any trouble.

The books we read were: First Class, English Reader, next, United States History and the Testament, together with the spelling book. Each class came forward and stood on a crack in the floor to read and they read around twice, then gave their attention while the second class was called and so on. We studied Adam's *Arithmetic*, Murray's *Grammar*, Olney's *Geography* and Colburn's *Mental Arithmetic*.

We had no janitor, but the older boys and girls did all that was necessary: the boys building the fires and the girls sweeping the schoolroom. Their names were written on a list and put up where they could be seen and each one knew when his or her turn came and must provide someone if he could not be there. I don't think I

ever went and found the fire unmade. During the intermission, the room was swept, and I think the scholars dusted by sitting on their benches. When the term was about half through, I let school out early one day and stayed with some of the older scholars to clean the schoolhouse, scrubbing the floors and washing the benches. Next day it looked so spick and span, we all smiled when we came into the room. I look back sixty-five years to those two terms of my school-teaching as the pleasantest of all and shall not ever forget them.

The following winter my school was in an adjoining district, where the people seemed to think the teacher could do everything and still not please anyone; so I decided to please myself and then I would at least please one. Incidentally, I found independence quite necessary in teaching school. It was a very hard, cold winter and I think I was frozen out; anyway, I went home before the eight-week term was through. I never had any desire to go back there.

My next teaching term was in my native town. My board was put up, not to the highest, but to the lowest bidder, but I had a very good place and I broke the monotony by going home every other Saturday. I think I had a dollar a week for that summer. After this, I taught several schools in town, the last two being in my home district. I was supposed to "board around," but most of the time found me at my father's house. My three sisters, two older and one younger, were married and had homes of their own to care for, and I was considered useful there. My brothers were at home to cook, mend and make for, as well as a motherless girl my mother had taken in.

I went on teaching until March 12, 1840, when I was married in the evening at my father's house with brothers, sisters and cousins present. The room was lighted by a bright fire in the fireplace and tallow candles. No cards were sent out, no presents expected. Consequently none who were invited felt they must stay away because they had nothing to take with them.

In those days it was the custom for parents who had the means to give their daughters a good "setting out," which consisted of everything necessary for housekeeping. This I had, including a spinning wheel made by Asa Wilder, of Keene, N. H. My mother carefully calculated the bedding and linens I would need and the girls helped pick the feathers and make the cloth. For the encouragement of the farmer, a cow and six sheep were taken to our house before the ceremony. This was my outfit.



VERMONT TOWN NAMES AND THEIR DERIVATIONS (Continued)

In the October, 1952 issue of this journal, we began, with Mrs. Thesba Johnston's aid, an effort to answer the often repeated question: "How did such and such a town get its name?" Since the first installment of her findings appeared, we have received from our readers a number of clues to names whose origin was unknown to us. This second installment will, we hope, narrow the search to the point where another inflow of letters and more research will help us fit in the remaining pieces in the puzzle.

- 4 ANDOVER "Towns in Essex County, Massachusetts, and Windsor County, Vermont named from the town in England." [(1), p. 285]
- 5 ARLINGTON Incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth as a New Hampshire grant in 1761. Probably named after Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Arlington, as was also Arlington, N. H., now Winchester. The Earl of Arlington was a great friend of Lord Pitt, became England's sixth Prime Minister, and was an advocate of the American colonies. [(2), p. 10]
- 6 ATHENS Probably named from the capital city of Greece. [(1), p. 31]
- 8 BALTIMORE "Named for Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who settled the Maryland Province in 1635." [(1), p. 35]
- 20 BOLTON A New Hampshire grant incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1763 and probably named for Charles Paulet, Duke of Bolton. [(2), p. 40]
- 25 BRIDGEWATER Originally a New Hampshire grant made by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Named for Francis Edgerton, Duke of Bridgewater. [(2), p. 40]

- 26 BRIDPORT This town, originally a New Hampshire grant, was originally incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Named for Alexander Hood, Admiral Viscount Bridport [(2), p. 28, 29]
- 33 BURKE Named for Edmund Burke, the English statesman. [(1), p. 61]
- 40 CAVENDISH Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Named for William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, who served at various times as First Lord of the English Treasury, a Lord Justice of Great Britain and Prime Minister. The Cavendish family was closely allied with the Wentworths. [(2), p. 9]
- 42 CHARLOTTE Probably named for Queen Charlotte of Mecklenburg, Consort of King George III. [(2), p. 22]
- 43 CHELSEA Probably named for Chelsea, England. First granted by the Province of New York under the name of Gageborough, but no settlement under that name or grant. The Vermont legislature granted it to Bela Turner and associates, Nov. 2, 1780 and gave the grant the name of Turnersburg on charter of Aug. 4, 1781. The name was altered to Chelsea, Oct. 13, 1788. [Information sent in by Mrs. Byrd E. Miles, (VHS), N. Hartland, Vt.]
- 44 CHESTER Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1754. Probably named for Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester. [(2), p. 21]
- 46 CLARENDON Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Probably named for Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester and Clarendon, who served as Lord High Treasurer of England, Chancellor and Lord Keeper of

- the Great Seal and Privy Councillor. [(2), p. 43]
- 47 COLCHESTER A New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1763. Believed to have been named for William de Nassau Zulestein, Viscount Tunbridge and Baron Enfield and Colchester, who was high Steward of Colchester and Secretary of State in the reign of King George III. [(2), pp. 48, 49]
- 49 CORINTH Said to have been named from the Bible. [Information received from Mrs. Byrd E. Miles (VHS), N. Hartland, Vt., whose grandfather, Walter Brown, was born there in 1802.]
- 56 DORSET A New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Probably named for Lionel Cranfield Sackville, Duke of Dorset, who served England as a Privy Councillor, Lord Justice and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. [(2), p. 47]
- 57 DOVER "Amos Hayward, tradition tells us, said, 'Call it after my dog Dover.' The suggestion was adopted." [See Child's *Windham County*, 1884. Information received from Ruth T. Grandin, Putney, Vt.]
- 74 GEORGIA Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Believed to have been named for King George III. [(2), pp. 20, 21]
- 104 KIRBY "Named for Kirby, England." [Mrs. Addie W. Newman, Kirby, Vermont]
- 106 LEICESTER Chartered by Gov. Benning Wentworth Oct. 20, 1761. Probably named for Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. [(3), p. 470]
- 111 LUDLOW This town was originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761 and is believed

by some to have been named for Sir Henry Herbert, Earl of Powis and Viscount Ludlow, who was Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Household in the reign of George II. [(2), p. 38]

115 MANCHESTER

Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761. Named for William Montagu, Duke and Earl of Manchester. [(2), p. 49]

118 MENDON

Granted Feb. 23, 1781 by Gov. Thomas Chittenden to the Hon. Joseph Bowker and 34 associates. Known first as Medway, then as Parkerstown. [(4), p. 635]

122 MILTON

Another possibility concerning the naming of this town is the fact that as a New Hampshire grant incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1763, it may have been named for Earl Fitzwilliam, Viscount Milton. [(2), p. 13]

123 MONKTON

A New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1762 and believed to have been named for Gen. Robert Monckton, second in command under Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. [(2), p. 29]

124 MONTGOMERY

Not chartered until 1789, though it was granted in 1780 to a group which included Gov. Thomas Chittenden and Ira Allen. The first permanent settler was Capt. Joshua Clapp, "a Revolutionary officer of respectability." Like many other towns, it may have been named for Gen. Richard Montgomery, who died in the siege of Quebec. [(1), p. 213]

131 NEWARK

Possibly named for Newark, England. [(1), p. 222]

132 NEWBURY

Addition. According to Miss Mary R. Bates (VHS), Burlington, Vt., this town was largely settled by immigrants from Newbury, Mass., who gave the town

135 NEWPORT

the name of the place from which they had come, as their ancestors had given the name of the English town to the Massachusetts settlement. [History of Newbury, Vt., p. 21]

First granted in 1802 to Nathan Fisk and George Duncan under name of Duncansboro and in 1816, after a small part of Coventry and Salem were annexed, the name of the town was changed to Newport. [(5), p. 288]

140 ORANGE

Named for William IV, Prince of Orange. [(1), p. 232]

144 PEACHAM

In an address made during the Coolidge Administration, George Harvey, American Ambassador to Great Britain and a native of Peacham, said that the town was named for Edmund Peacham, a Puritan clergyman of great courage and steadiness of purpose. "In 1614 or 1615, during the reign of James I, the King attempted to force a vote of supply by a threat of dissolution and afterwards by committing some of the members of Parliament to prison for speeches which he was not obliged to know anything about. At the time of this controversy, Peacham had written a book against ecclesiastical grievances in which he had made some charges against his bishop—the Bishop of Bath and Wells—for which he was brought to answer before the High Commission. . . ." His house was searched and papers found which were considered to be treasonable matter; Peacham was arrested and put in the Tower. For the libel on the King, he was asked what other persons were concerned in the criticism but refused to answer even under prolonged torture. The attorney general, Coke, gave an opinion that Peacham's book was not

treasonable and he was allowed to live, unmolested, until he died in jail at Taunton. "Few persons could have stood as Peacham stood and whatever honor the name of the town can give to him, he certainly reflects honor on the town which carries his name." [Sent in by E. Parmalee Prentice (VHS), New York, N. Y.—See also James Spedding, *Life and Times of Francis Bacon*, 1878, vol. 2, p. 48]

154 PUTNEY

"Of Putney's name, received with its charter from Gov. Benning Wentworth Dec. 26, 1753, it is thought by residents today that it came as a result of association with the names of three adjoining towns on the Thames: Westminster, Putney and Fulham—our neighboring town of Dummerston having been originally called Fullam or Fulham." [Ruth T. Grandin, Putney, Vt.]

156 READING

"Among the earliest settlers were the Swain and Esterbrook families and others from Reading, Mass., and we assume that the name has its beginnings then." [Sherman M. Howe (VHS), Reading, Vt.]

175 SHARON

Believed to have been of Biblical origin. [(1), p. 280]

179 SHERBURNE

Chartered July 7, 1761 by Gov. Benning Wentworth under the name of Killington. The name was changed in 1800 to Sherburne in honor of Col. Benjamin Sherburne of Shearburne, Conn. [Viola B. Cady, Rutland]

186 STAMFORD

Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1753. Probably named for George Grey, Earl of Stamford. [(2), p. 14]

190 STOWE

Addition. As this town was originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1763, it is

192 STRATTON

also said to have been named for George Grenville, Prime Minister of England in 1763, baronet of Stowe. [(2), p. 42]

Named for Samuel Stratton, an early settler. [(1), p. 292]

197 THETFORD

Originally a New Hampshire grant, incorporated in 1761 by Gov. Benning Wentworth, it is believed to have been named for Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Viscount Thetford. [(2), pp. 10, 11]

214 WASHINGTON

Probably named for Gen. George Washington. [(1), p. 316]

226 WESTON

"When the old town of Andover was divided in 1800, the section west of the mountain range became a separate town and the former name of the West Town of Andover became Weston." [Raymond Taylor (VHS), Weston, Vt.]

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A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

I. WHY SOME VERMONTERS EMIGRATED TO YORK STATE

by ELMER EUGENE BARKER

One late afternoon this summer it was my good fortune to ride through the pleasant villages of Middlebury, Brandon, Pittsford, the residential part of Rutland, Manchester, Arlington and Bennington. Seeing the loveliness of these towns and of the countryside, the question rose in my mind, as it probably does in the minds of resident Vermonters: Why should anyone ever leave all this to go elsewhere?

I can only believe it was the lure that moved their forbears to leave England seeking unknown opportunities in a new land, together with the restless spirit that sought adventure in wresting their livelihood from the wilderness and the satisfaction of creating homes and civilized communities according to their own idea of what they would like life to be.

As I looked into the sunset that summer afternoon and saw before me the magnificent panorama of the Adirondack Mountains, it was not difficult to understand the emotions of those pioneers at the turn of the nineteenth century who looked westward, as I was now doing, and found their imaginations fired by the mysteries of the wilderness lying unexplored and unknown in the folds of those mighty peaks.

*"Till a voice as bad as conscience rang interminable changes
On one everlasting whisper day and night repeated—so.
Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go.
Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there."**

Spaulding has told us (*History of Crown Point, N. Y., from 1800 to 1874*) that "before 1800 hunters and trappers reported a tract of beautiful settling land in Crown Point about ten miles square embracing Putnam's Creek and its tributaries, timbered with beautiful hardwood and well watered with never failing springs of purest water; together with natural advantages of the country made it a very inviting spot for young men of that day, of strong nerve and will, who felt disposed to grapple with the old primeval forest.

*Rudyard Kipling, in "The Explorer"—"The Five Nations."

"This news circulated throughout the countryside and reached several of the New England States, and inspired a great many young men with a desire to see and explore this 'promised land,' as it was then called in York State. They also reported that immediately west and adjacent to this tract of land were the fine old hills and mountain peaks of the Adirondacks situated on the headwaters of the Hudson River."

Stephen Spaulding, father of the historian, was then residing in Salisbury, Vermont. He, in company with several other men, started in September, 1800, to explore these lands and spent three days at this delightful adventure. From the summit of the highest hill they viewed the lands drained by Putnam's Creek with Lake Champlain several miles to the east. The farms of Vermont lay beyond and the Green Mountains formed a continuous rampart at the back of all. "It was a splendid sight to behold," they reported. Three of them returned in June, 1801, made a camp, and each one cleared three acres and built himself a log cabin. In February, 1802, they brought over their families. Within two years some forty families came from Vermont and New Hampshire. These were the advance guard of an influx of settlers seeking opportunity in this richly endowed land. Within three decades Crown Point was not only settled largely with a population of people from New England, but its pattern of culture, as was to be expected, was of the New England type.

Among the noteworthy characters who contributed to the establishment of this community was "Colonel" Job Lane Howe. "He was born in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, September 19th, 1769. As a boy he lived in Mansfield, Connecticut. A skilled house carpenter and wheelwright by trade, he came to Shoreham, Vermont, in 1793. The town was in its beginnings then. He built the first church edifice in town, the Congregational meeting-house, and several private residences. He developed an extensive carriage making business. In 1818 he extended his business into Crown Point where he built a large dam across Putnam's Creek, employing about fifty men and many ox-teams a whole season making it. He kept a store from which he paid his help in high-priced goods (all carted from Middlebury), at a large profit to himself, no doubt. Here he built a saw mill and a grist mill and operated brick kilns from which were produced the bricks which built the numerous buildings in this vicinity in the eighteen-thirties. He gave the site for the Congregational church and contributed largely to building the brick edifice in 1830. Together with Charles F. Hammond he gave half the land for the

village. It was not until 1836, however, that he transferred his residence and church membership from Shoreham to Crown Point. He was said to have been a man of great enterprise and perseverance in business, generous and public spirited, a worthy patron of religious and civil institutions, much respected by his fellow-citizens. (*History of the Town of Shoreham, Vermont*, by Rev. Josiah F. Goodhue.)

Along with Col. Howe came two youths about fifteen years old, John Barker and his brother Sam, boys who had lived in Lebanon and Franklin, Connecticut. Their father, having the pioneer spirit, took his family to Broome County, New York, while the children were still quite young. He died there not long afterwards and his widow returned to her relatives in Connecticut. Inasmuch as Col. Howe was their so-called "uncle," it was doubtless to better their condition that they were sent to live with him in Shoreham and later crossed the Lake into Crown Point. Both became farmers. Sam had no children but John and his descendants to the present time have contributed largely to the best interests of the town.

Iron ore was discovered in Crown Point in 1818. This first ore bed was mined and the iron was processed nearby for several years until it was exhausted, but in 1821 and 1826 two deposits of magnetic iron ore of highest quality were discovered at a locality about a dozen miles west of the Lake, which in later years were developed into a great industry by men who came from Vermont and their descendants.

Allen Penfield, whose family lived in Pittsford, came to Crown Point as early as 1810 and built grist and sawmills on Putnam's Creek at a locality about six miles west of the Lake, which came to be called Irondale, later Ironville. It was not until 1826 that he removed his residence here from Pittsford. He, in company with his son-in-law, Eleazer Harwood, mined one of the ore beds mentioned above and processed it in a forge and foundry at Irondale. Penfield was one of the first company formed for lumbering in the Adirondacks. From both of these enterprises he built himself a sizable fortune. He should be remembered chiefly, however, for being the first industrialist to make practical application of electricity. Always progressive in his methods, according to the practices of his time, he had secured an electro-magnet from Professor Henry in Albany and used it at his foundry in Irondale to separate iron and steel from brass and copper scrap metal, thus initiating here the so-called age of electricity.

In 1818 he married Ann Hammond, of the Pittsford family of Hammonds. Their forebears had been in America since 1636, the progenitor having come to Hingham, Massachusetts, from Lavenham, England, about that year. Thomas, a descendant, lived as a boy with relatives in Connecticut. When he came of age he started north to seek adventure and his fortune. At Shaftsbury, Vermont, tarrying to work on the farm of Ichabod Cross, he married Hannah, the farmer's daughter. Her father gave them wilderness land at Pittsford, where they were one of the pioneer families of the 1790's. Thomas became a woolen manufacturer,—as his forebears in England had been woolen merchants. He was a member of the convention that framed the State constitution, and it was he who was selected, with another young man, to convey to Albany the money paid to settle the York State claims. (See *History of the Town of Pittsford, Vermont* by A. M. Caverly.)

Thomas Hammond raised a large family, of whom three sons, Charles Franklin, John and German (Germond?), came to Crown Point and there engaged in business as partners. They developed the lumber and iron enterprises into large industries and on the side they made money in mercantile business, real estate, and various other projects, all of which profited them well. They had a canny sense of financial opportunity and a gift for carrying on business. At the same time all of them were respected and loved for their integrity of character, civic spirit, and generosity. Other Pittsford families allied with the Hammonds by marriage and associated with them in business were the Dikes and Bogues. Dr. George Page, of Rutland, whose brother was at one time a governor of the State, married Loraine Dike and lived the remainder of his life in Crown Point. He was a notable example of that idealized character, the country doctor. These people developed the iron industry from a small family enterprise with a single charcoal blast furnace and a forge in 1845 to a stock company capitalized at one and a half million dollars in 1873. In 1884 the Crown Point Iron Company's properties comprised some twenty-odd thousand acres of improved and forest lands, numerous buildings, and three plants, namely: two up-to-date blast furnaces with a machine shop, offices, wharf, and dwellings for employees and workers at Lake Champlain; a forge for the manufacture of charcoal iron, with separator and foundry at Irondale; and the mines with their shops, store, and dwellings at Hammondville, together with the railroad connecting all three plants.

These families and individuals together with many others not

mentioned here, were a part of a great stream of emigration that flowed westward from its sources in the New England states during the early years of the nineteenth century. The main current poured through the Mohawk Valley to spacious and fertile farm lands in western New York and on to the Western Reserve and beyond. Another current swirled around the northern bases of the Adirondacks into the broad, flat lands of the St. Lawrence Valley and the shores of Lake Ontario. Those who settled Crown Point were only an eddy, so to speak, in this grand stream. All were a hardy, adventurous people seeking a new life with opportunities and adventures on the frontiers, people whose parents only a few years previous had done the same as they were now doing. Having hewn farms out of the forests, constructed roads of a sort, first built cabins and later frame dwellings, schoolhouses and churches, now the more adventurous ones of the next generation were not content to remain here developing the work of their parents and enjoying the fruits of those labors. The irresistible spirit of adventure, again strong in their generation, responded to the everlasting whisper:

*"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go."*

2. A SHORT HISTORY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VERMONT
by THE REV. CHARLES FOLSOM-JONES

We plan to publish brief histories of the religious faiths which have had a marked influence on the history of the state. The first of the series, "Vermont Baptists Through the Years," by Leon S. Gay, appeared in the April 1952 issue. The Rev. Raymond A. Hall, Assistant Professor of Religion, the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt., is engaged on a definitive study of the entire field. Editor.

PREFACE

In these days of a changing world order from which no people can escape, every man should have some knowledge of his past in order to understand how, through the labor of others, he came to be what he is and to enable him to appreciate those things in his heritage which are of value and should be preserved and passed on.

This is true of our religious heritage as well as our social and economic. The heritage of the Episcopal Church in Vermont is a glorious and inspiring one. But unfortunately there are few who know

the story. This is not primarily from lack of interest, for young people as well as adults frequently ask about some part of that story. Rather, I believe, it is the result of the general inaccessibility of the written record and the forbidding tomes in which it is encased.

It is, therefore, with the thought of providing a history, inexpensive enough to achieve wide distribution and brief enough to encourage its reading, that this pamphlet has been written. It is hoped that it will not only provide a basic acquaintance with the Church's past but also stimulate a desire to look further and learn more of that fascinating story.

I am indebted for most of the material which appears in this pamphlet to historical sketches appearing in the "Centennial Journal" by the Rev. A. H. Bailey and in "Inventory of Church Archives" by the Rev. Samuel Bean.

I

The story of the Episcopal Church in Vermont begins in the days immediately following the end of the so-called French and Indian Wars. Up to that time, peaceful settlement was almost impossible in what is now Vermont, for it was a "no-man's-land" between the French in Canada and the English in lower New England. But once hostilities ceased, a flood of immigrants from Massachusetts and Connecticut came to settle among the Green Mountains. Among these early settlers were many ardent members of the Church of England, carrying their beliefs with them and desiring the ministrations of their own Church.

As the result of their frequent appeals, missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (the S.P.G.) located in neighboring states made occasional visits to Vermont. The Rev. Samuel Andrews of Wallingford, Conn., was the first to come, in 1767, holding services in Arlington, Sunderland and vicinity, and baptizing twenty-nine. The Rev. Richard Mansfield of Derby, Conn., came the following year. The Rev. Harry Munro of Albany, N. Y., carried his ministry into southwest Vermont in 1769. The Rev. Samuel Peters of Hebron, Conn., traveled up the Connecticut River to Stratford, Thetford, Bradford, and over the mountains to Manchester and Arlington in 1770. But of all these leaders, who through numerous perils in pathless woods carried out the work, the Rev. Gideon Bostwick of Great Barrington, Mass., stands out. He considered southwestern Vermont as a part of his parish, making at least eight trips there between 1772 and 1789.

As a result of the labors of these men and others and the devoted loyalty of strong Church laymen, many Church Societies (both formal and informal) came into existence before 1790. The first group to organize as a parish was the Society at Manchester in 1782, followed soon by the Society at Arlington in 1784. Other early organizations were in Sandgate, Dorset, Pawlet, Tinmouth, Shelburne, Jericho and Alburg in the West. In the eastern part of the state were Hartland, Strafford, Norwich, Springfield and Weathersfield. Of course, these are not to be thought of as parishes in our sense of the word, as most were in a very embryonic state.

Before we leave the formative years of the Episcopal Church in Vermont, mention should be made of one of the most faithful clergymen ever to have labored in the state—the Rev. Bethuel Chittenden. Born in Guilford, Conn., in 1739, brother of Thomas Chittenden, Vermont's first governor, Bethuel Chittenden moved to Tinmouth, Vermont, as one of its earlier settlers. While engaged in farming and other business, Chittenden read service and sermons to his family and neighbors, keeping a small congregation together. Then at the age of 49 he decided to give his whole time to the work of the Church and was ordained to the ministry by Bishop Seabury of Connecticut in 1787. After a three-year ministry in Tinmouth, Chittenden moved to Shelburne. From this center, he visited nearly every known group of churchmen, from the northern to the southern portion of the state and on both sides of the mountains. He was president of the Diocesan Convention from 1798 to 1807 and a member of the Standing Committee from 1796 to his death in 1809.

II

For years no attempt was made at state-wide organization. The scarcity of numbers and the wilderness conditions made it seem long inadvisable. A temporary organization of the churches in the Connecticut valley was formed in 1785, embracing churchmen from Strafford, Hartland, Norwich, Bradford, Thetford and Corinth in Vermont. The removal of the Rev. Ranna Cossitt from Claremont, N. H., however, soon left them without a clergyman and the union dissolved.

The first (and organizing) convention of the Diocese of Vermont was held at the home of Nathan Canfield in Arlington on September 20, 1790. Only two clergymen were present and eighteen lay delegates. Apart from the business of organizing, the only other matter with which the convention was concerned was securing to the Church

the lands which had been granted to the S.P.G. by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, subsequent to 1741.

In chartering the towns in Vermont (then believed to be a part of New Hampshire), Governor Wentworth set aside one plot of land in each for the support of an Episcopal clergyman (glebe lands) and another for the support of the S.P.G. Following the American Revolution, the Legislature of Vermont declared these lands could no longer legally be claimed by the Church. Appeals were made from this decision over a period of many years. Finally, the courts decided in 1815 against the Church's title to the glebe lands, except in Arlington, where the Episcopal Church was the first and only established church. In 1823, however, the United States Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Church's title to the S.P.G. lands. Gradually in the succeeding years the Church, as attorney for the Society, gained possession of the land, although the task of recovery (which is still going on) has been a Herculean one. In 1929, the lands were finally deeded to the Trustees of the Diocese.

In the Diocesan Convention of 1893, the Rev. Edward Bass of Newburyport, Mass., was elected bishop, although he was not required by agreement to reside in Vermont. The next year, however, a special convention reversed the decision about a resident bishop and elected the Rev. Samuel Peters. Neither Drs. Bass or Peters was ever consecrated as bishop of the Diocese of Vermont. Nothing further was done about the matter until 1805, when the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore of New York agreed to act as a nominal head of the Church without assuming any of the duties in order to aid in securing the lands of the S.P.G.

The Massachusetts Convention of 1809 voted to invite the churches of New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont to join in the election of a common bishop. The secretary was unable to send a notice, being without knowledge of any churchman in Vermont. Two men, however, called upon the Rev. Abraham Bronson, then the only clergyman in Vermont, who immediately gave his consent and secured that of the standing committee. A delegation including Bronson attended the convention in Boston in May, 1810, which organized the Eastern Diocese and elected the Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold bishop. A special convention at Middlebury that fall adopted the constitution of the Eastern Diocese and a new state constitution. Bishop Griswold was consecrated May 29, 1810, in New York City, and before the end of the year had begun his visitations in Vermont. Thus, after a period of fifty years, Vermont had the benefit of a bishop.

The fact that both the constitution of the Eastern Diocese and the new state constitution stated their subordination to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was in itself a forward step in the history of the Church in Vermont. Although reputedly Vermont had early adopted a constitution acknowledging its subordination to the General Convention, that body had never accepted a delegate from Vermont as a part of it. This failure to secure representation in the larger body was in part responsible for one other weakening incident before 1811.

On August 14, 1801, ten churches in the Connecticut River Valley, five in New Hampshire, and Hartland, Rockingham, Springfield, Weathersfield and Westminster in Vermont, under the leadership of the Rev. Daniel Barber of Claremont, N. H., presented a petition to the General Convention asking permission to form a separate organization. A month later this permission was granted; and Vermont being without representation could make no protest. New Hampshire finally succeeded, however, in having this permission withdrawn in 1808; and a wise policy of appeasement brought the seceded parishes back into the fold of their respective conventions with a minimum of friction and hard feeling.

Under the guidance of the venerated Bishop Griswold, the church in the two decades of his episcopacy gained many converts. But while numerous revivals were adding to the number of communicants, the forces of emigration were draining away many of them. Guilford, in the four years preceding 1826, lost 126 persons by death and removal. Such examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Although this cooperation with other states in support of a common bishop carried the Vermont Diocese over a difficult period, the churches never felt they had achieved the goal so earnestly desired—that of a diocese with its own bishop. The recovery of the lands belonging to the S.P.G. had given the Church the means to support a bishop of its own. Consequently at the adjourned annual convention, August 31, 1831, when the decision of Massachusetts to withdraw from the Eastern Diocese was announced, the convention of Vermont voted to withdraw and elect its own bishop. The necessary consent from the Eastern Diocese having been received, the convention of May 30, 1832 resolved "That the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Vermont, is hereby declared to be, and is an independent and distinct Episcopal jurisdiction, under the name and style of the 'Diocese of Vermont', subject only to the laws of our Lord and Saviour, and under Him, to the Constitution and Canons of the

Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States." Thereupon the clergy nominated the Rev. John Henry Hopkins for the episcopate and the laity approved. Thus the full organization of the Diocese of Vermont was achieved.

III

Bishop Hopkins was consecrated in New York City, October 31, 1832. He established his residence in Burlington three weeks later, where, in addition to the duties of bishop, he was to serve as rector of St. Paul's Church. Bishop Hopkins, an Irish immigrant, former iron-master and successful lawyer, left a lucrative practice to enter the ministry of the Church. He was first Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., and later assistant at Trinity Church, Boston.

One of Bishop Hopkins' greatest interests was in education. Shortly after his arrival in Burlington, he opened a private school for boys at his residence. He enlarged the building at his own expense, first in 1833 and later in 1837, with the addition of a theological seminary. The financial strain was more than the Bishop could bear, however, and receiving no help from the Diocese, he was forced to allow the property to be sold to satisfy his creditors. His dream of a boys' academy was later realized, however, when in 1841 his son bought what is now known as Rock Point. The property was offered to and accepted by the Diocese and the Bishop authorized to raise money for a school. This he did, and on November 14, 1854, the Vermont Episcopal Institute was chartered by the state legislature, and the school opened in September, 1860. For thirty years the school prospered, being enlarged in 1885. Subsequently, however, attendance fell off, and because of financial failure the school closed in 1899, never to open its doors to students again.

After the completion of the Vermont Episcopal Institute, Bishop Hopkins envisioned a school for girls. And though he raised a considerable sum for its construction before his death, it remained for his successor to make the school a reality.

Bishop Hopkins was a man of many accomplishments. He was the architect of many church structures in Vermont. He was a financier and businessman of no mean talents. He was the author of over fifty books and pamphlets. He was a musician, composer and painter, and in all these fields left many worthy productions.

But Bishop Hopkins was not only a leading figure in the State of Vermont. He was the prime instigator of the Lambeth Conference, making such a suggestion to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1851;

and he was prominent in its first meeting. He was the Presiding Bishop of the United States from 1865 to his death in 1868.

The flood of emigration greatly hampered Bishop Hopkins as it had Bishop Griswold and as it later did his successor. Laity left the state in swarms, and changes in clergy were frequent. When his services were ended by death, however, there were 24 clergy, 34 parishes, and 2,381 communicants in the state. In thirty-five years, he had confirmed approximately 4,500 persons. Vermont lost many of these members, but other states profited.

IV

Upon these foundations the second Bishop of Vermont, the Rt. Rev. William Henry Augustus Bissell, continued to build. Although a native of Vermont, Bishop Bissell was ordained to the ministry in the State of New York, where he served until coming back to Vermont. He was consecrated Bishop at Christ Church, Montpelier, on June 3, 1868. He immediately launched out upon an aggressive program. Mission stations and missionary work were greatly emphasized. During his episcopate a missionary fund was established; a society for the increase of the ministry was formed; and in 1878 the Woman's Auxiliary was organized. There was growing emphasis upon the importance of the laity. He had confirmed nearly 6,000 persons before his death in 1893, at which time there were 36 clergymen, 55 parishes and missions, and 4,244 communicants in the Diocese.

Bishop Bissell was also active in continuing the establishment of a girls' school at Rock Point, begun by Bishop Hopkins. Sufficient funds were received, the building constructed, and the school opened in 1888. The school, however, failed financially and was closed along with the institute in 1899. A fund of \$100,000 was later raised and Bishop Hopkins Hall was reopened in 1913. It operated with moderate success until 1929, when it was closed again. It was soon reopened, however, by the Church Mission of Help, for the purpose of providing a home and educational opportunities for girls who lacked those advantages. The school continues to be thus operated under the direction of Miss Doris Wright.

V

The Rt. Rev. Arthur Allison Crawshay Hall succeeded to the episcopate in Vermont in 1894, when he was consecrated at St. Paul's Church, Burlington, on February 2nd. Born and educated in England, he became a member of the Society of St. John the Evangelist

at Cowley. He came to the United States in 1873 and worked in Boston as a member of the Order.

Bishop Hall, though continuing the missionary work, gave a large portion of his time to elevating the ecclesiastical tone of the Church, holding innumerable retreats for the clergy at Rock Point, and delivering frequent charges to his clergymen and laity. In 1895 the present Episcopal residence was erected at Rock Point and so became the valuable center around which the life of the Diocese is carried on. Both outside and within the Diocese, Bishop Hall was in constant demand as a preacher and lecturer. For a brief period he served on the faculty of the University of Vermont. He was one of the Church's great scholars and was the author of innumerable publications. A youth movement was started during this time and a diocesan publication, "The Mountain Echo," was begun.

Throughout much of his episcopate, Bishop Hall was hampered by ill health, which necessitated the assistance of coadjutor bishops. First among these was the Rt. Rev. William Farrar Weeks, a native of Vermont, who was consecrated in 1913. He died October 23, 1914. Bishop Hall's second coadjutor was the Rt. Rev. George Yemens Bliss, also a native of Vermont, who served from 1915 to 1924. A third coadjutor was consecrated in 1925, the Rt. Rev. Samuel Babcock Booth, who served in that capacity until Bishop Hall's death in 1930, when he became Diocesan.

VI

Bishop Booth, a native of Pennsylvania, immediately upon becoming Diocesan started a short but very active career. "The Church Mission of Help" was organized, active parish visitation was instituted, and new life was instilled into the Church as the episcopate moved out nearer to clergy, laity, and the religious life throughout the State of Vermont. No bishop was ever better beloved by people of all sects. This active work, however, was cut short by his death in 1935.

VII

With the passing of Bishop Booth, the Rt. Rev. Vedder Van Dyck, formerly rector of St. Paul's Parish, Burlington, and a native of New Jersey, was consecrated the sixth Bishop of Vermont, February 24, 1936. Under his leadership the Diocese has made great strides forward. He has been vigorous in the renovation and upkeep of church property throughout the state, and not the least at Rock Point. In

September of 1937, an out-door chapel at "the Point," called the Chapel of the Transfiguration, was consecrated as a memorial to Bishop Booth. The business and financial administration of the Diocese has been put on a sound basis. The last years have been marked by advance in church school work, youth work, work among rural people, summer conferences, and the financial support of the Church. There were in 1950 33 clergy serving the Diocese in 54 parishes and missions. The number of communicants is well over the seven thousand mark.

VIII

There is probably nothing unique about the story of the Episcopal Church in Vermont. It is the story of devoted clergy and lay people who in a very ordinary way over nearly two hundred years have sought to bring the Church to the land of the Green Mountains. There have been many prominent men and women in both religious and secular life, inside and outside of the state who have brought great credit to their Church. But each member, no matter how great or humble his place in life, has played a part in the Church's great religious heritage in Vermont, an heritage of which we can justly be proud. And each one of us must take his place in the continuing forward march, that this Episcopal Church which we all hold dear to our hearts may pass on to future generations in ever increasing service to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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3. A Letter and Diary of 1776

By Nathaniel Brown Dodge

Nathaniel B. Dodge, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, served for a year. On April 22, 1818, while in residence at Underhill, Vt., he applied for a pension at the age of seventy-eight years. "His claim was allowed." The text of the diary came to us through the kindness of O. J. Dodge, Barre, Vt. Editor.

July the 4th Day in the year 1776.

Loving wife:— I take this opportunity to let you Know that throw the Devine goodness of god I am well and in good health at Present and hope that these lines will find you so and all our children and friends. I have been Sick, a long and had the Small Pox and have got well of it. I have received your letter at Saint Johns the 18th Day of June. in it I learn that mother has been sick. I understand that you are all

Crown Point

well when you writt your letter which is wanted vere much. I wanted that you should have Sent to me about my oxen and sheep what is Don with them wheather my oxen is Sold or a fating. I shall inform you that I have Sent three leetters one from Bennington another from mashoba at father robins another from Shamberlee. I learn that you received my first letter from that Date. I shal give you a short account of my hardship that I have undergon to this Date. I came to Crown Point. there I remained for some time where I Lived verei well. after that I drew nothing but meet and flower from the 9th of apriel to this Date. I went down to quebec. there remained about a week. there I nocalated for the Small Pox. then I set of for the three Steeples to have the Small Pox a little Back. the 7th Day of may our army retreated from quebeck. I was obliged to come along by the menawar and they fired upon our men but Did not hurt a man and I came up to Serell where I had the Small Pox. from there I came up to Shamberlee. there I remainad about ten Days. then I was ordered to Serell again where I remained about a week. then our army was obliged to retreat in great hast. and I came to Shamberlee in two Days. that Day I was obliged to take my Pack and come to Saint Johns the 17th Day of June. the 18th Day we burnt Saint Johns and came to ailanox. then I went from the ailanox the 26 Day and came to the aile amon in the Lake. there I was rowing on the Lake in a gard to gard the Shiping. the 2 Day of July I came to Crown Point where I am now. I would inform you that the Small Pox has been very hard amongst our men. we have lost out of our company Leuft. Poull and Sargent watsens and four men mour with the Small Pox. some of our men are Disenabelled for the Servis with Small Pox and are Discharged. Brother Jorge robbens and Jonathan and another feild man has run away from the army at Shamberlee. I shall inform you that the indians have Killed anumber of our men two or three offisers the rest Privates at the aile anyox. I would inform you that mosses watkens Died the 31 Day of may. a littlebefore Day he had the Small Pox very hard and a purgen took him Befour his Pox turned. the Day befor he Died I went to See him and watched with him that night. befour he Died he was a little easy and I covered him up and he fell into a Sleep went away with out a Struggal. Benjamin Chamberlain is here att the Point brave and harty. Desired to have me right to his father and mother that he has had the Small Pox and he is got well and harty again. remember my Duety to my Pearents and my Love to my Brothers and Sisters. Loving wife I would inform you that I have not been unmindful of you my harts Desire and Prayer to god is that he would fit and Prepare for his holy

will and Pleasure that we may be made fit to Serve him and to Live more mindful of the greater end we were made for which is to Prepare for Death. I Desire an interest in your Prayers to God for me that he would keep and Preserve me from all evil unto which I am exposed and that God would in his own Due time returne me to my family if it be his will that we may return to God that thanks that is Due to his name for his greater goodness to ward us. God has in his Providence Preserved me when many of my fellow men have been cut off and gone over to the grave. Brother Elijah I remember my Love to you and your family. I should be glad if you would See that my oxen is in good Paster and Bedded well. See that my ry is Saved if it be a possible thing. I should be glad that you would send me a letter how things go on. Loving wife I would have you Send me a letter as soon as you can. Send your letter to North Field to Capt. Hunts and a Post will bring them to Crown Point. I have nothing Strange to write only that it has been a very cold Dry time in Canada. So no more at Present But remaine your Loving Husband

Nathaniel Brown Dodge

Crown Point

July the 4th Day in the year 1776.

Diary Kept by Nathaniel Brown Dodge, 1776

March 23 Day 1776 I Came to Capt. Steevens and Lodged there till the 25 Day. the 26 I came to Malho Bats father Robbins. 27 I came to Tyconderoga. the 29 Day I came to five mile Point. 30 Day I came to Crown Point. April the first I went to Ty. the 2 Day I came to the Point. the 3 Day we chose our under officers and Brock it up again. the 4 Day we chose our under officers again. the 5 Day we went to Ty to Draw our Provisions. the 6 Day we Came to the Point again. the 11 Day the Lake Brook up. the 12 Day it Snowed. the 14 Day we Sett Sale for Quebec and came to bason harber. the 15 Day we came to Comberlandhead. the 16 Day we came to St Johns. the 17 Day we Stopt. the 20 Day I went upon guard at Saint Johns. the 21 Day we went down to Shamberlee. the 22 Day we Set out thirty-five miles. the 23 Day we came to Sarel. the 24 Day we Set out and came about 50 miel. 25 Day we came to Poenttarum. the 26 Day we lay by. the 27 Day we came to Sailathe. the 28 Day I came to head quarters and was knocaled. the 29 Day I went on quater guard. 1 Day of May I went on guard again. the 3 Day we Lef the Camp again. the 4 Day I came to Poent detirin. the 5 Day I came to the three Steepels. the 6 Day I came to my quarters. the 6

1776
Mar. 2

our army raized their (*flag?*). the 7 Day I came to Point Shamberlee. the 8 I came 25 miels. the 9 I came 20 miels. the 10 Day I came about 15 miels to the mouth of Lake Saint francway. The 11 Day I sett out across the lake when I had got two thirds across a head wind drove us away Back to the other Side again to Sume Grounded Land. The 12 Day I Seett out again and was obliged to beet the Shoer alround the Lake till we came to a reiver and came to the west Side of the reiver towards Mountreal. the 13 Day I came to Sevell and went up the reiver about nine miels. the 14 Day I went to my quarters. the 15 Day: 16: 17 18: 19 Day which is the Sabbath of the Lord. 20 Day and the Second Day of the week. the 21 I took my Phissick the night after I had a Pluresse Pain in my Left Side which was very hard and a Pain in my head So I got Littel or no rest the 22 Day. The 23 Day I Packed up my things and went up the Reiver 12 miles. the 24 Day I came up the Reiver within about 9 miels below Shamberlee over against the mountain. the 25 Day I came up to Shamberlee. the 26 Day which is the Sabbath this Day I went into tents. 27 Day I tooock Physick. 28 Day very cold. the 29 Day cloudy and exstreem cold. the 30 Day the cold abatted a lettlet. this Day I helped to move Moses Watkins about two miels to a house and watched with him that night. the 31 Day in the morning a lettlet befour Day he Died and was buried in the afternoon. June the 1 Day Jeneral Thomas Died. The 2 Day which is the Sabbath today Jeneral Sulaven came to Shamberlee this afternoon. Jeneral Thomas was buried. the 3 Day two thousand men came by Shamberlee to Sevell. the 4 Day I went on gard at Shamberlee. the 5 Day I set out three reivers and came to Saint Denne and Lodged there. the 6 Day I set out and came into Sevell and Petched our tent. the 7 Day I went on gard at Sevell. the 8 Day our men and the enemy had a soar battel a lettlet a this Side of three reivers. the 9 Day I came of gard and went on forteage. the 10 Day I went on forteage. the 11 Day I went on gard the 12 Day. the 13 Day I went —[?]—. the 14 Day our Camp reis at Sevel and retreated 9 miles. the 15 Day we retreated about 30 mils. the 16 Day I came to Shamberlee and there I Stopped about tow ours and then I marched about five miles Past one gard to the upper gard and there I was stoped all Day till the next. the 17 Day I came to St Johns. the 18 Day I drew my Lowence of Rhum for one day and we burnt St Johns. then I came to the eile anoyx. this Day I received a leatter from my wife the 19 Day. the 20 Day I went on the quarter gard at the eile anoyx. the 21 Day the cannadeins killed one Capt. one Sub two Privet. Seven taken. the 22 Day [?]. the 23 Day which is the

Sabbath. the 24 Day our company Drew there Lowence of Rhum and I was Jocked out of it. the 26 Day I went from the eile anoyx to the eile amote. the 27 Day I went back nine miels for our men that went by Land and returned to the eiland again. the 28 Day I Sett Sale for Crown Point and came to Comberlandhead a lettel after midnight. the 29 Day I Sett out about teen of clock acrost to Seitiers Iland comborland Bay and a strong head wind went against us. 30 Day I Sett out about 15 miels to Gillennory Crick. I was Drew out to go back to the Ships for a gard and we roed all night til two of Clock then we run to the four brothers and lay on one of them til morning. July the 1 Day I returned to Gillennors Crick. then I was Drew out again to go back to arogalle and met her by the four Brothers and lay aboard her. the 2 Day we toed her up to Crown Point. the 3 Day I lay by. the 4 Day I Drew one Doller. I was cleared from Duty and tooock Phicsick att night. the 5 Day was Let Blind and very full of Pain all Day. I Pertiscioned to the [?] for a furlow. the 6 Day I got an order for one Dollar on my wages. then I went to the other side of the lake to get Barks. the 7 Day which is the Sabbath. the 8 Day I went to the Stoer to Draw Provisions. I went to be veud by the cheef Docter the 9 Day. the 10 Day I got me some toc for brakefast. the 11 Day it rained. the 12 Day the 13 Day the 14 Day I was veued by the Doctor to be sent to fort Gorge but did not go. the 15 Day the 16 Day I washed two Sharts for allen for which I received nine Pence. the 17 Day I packed up my things at Crown Point to go to Tyconderoga. the 18 Day I was sent to the Point on command in battoos. to Day Andrew Butlar Died about two of Clock. the night following was as rainny a time as aver I knew. the 19 Day the 20 Day I went with the rigment from Ty to a point of land to clear a spot for the rigment to camp in. the 21 Day I went to the landan with the sick for fort Jorge. the 22 Day I came within twelve miles of fort Jorge. 23 Day I came fort Jorge with the sick. the 24 Day I returned under the command of Eneine Lee to ty again. the 25 Day the 26 Day I went to help bring the Cors Baggage. the 27 Day I got me one Dollers worth of rhum and wine. the 28 Day I went on the quarter gard. the 29 Day I received a order for one Dollar. the 30 Day the 31 Day I received one Dollar of Capt Alexander and three shillings and nine Pence of Abner Nimes. August the 1 Day I came to fort Jorge. the 2 Day I returned as far as Saber Day Point. the 3 Day I came to my company. the 4 Day which is the Sabbath. this Day I recieved three Dollars of Abner Nimes. the 5 Day I went to ty for my Provisions. then I went to see my townsmen. I received my wifes letters.

the 6 Day I went to teeming. the 7 Day the 8 Day the 9 Day the 10
 Day the 11 Day which is the Sabbath the 12 Day I went to the Saw-
 mil. the 13 Day the 14 Day the 15 Day the 16 Day I bought some
 veneson. the 17 Day the 18 Day which is the Sabbath the 19 Day the
 20 Day the 21 Day I went to the other side to see my messmates. the
 22 Day I had nothing to do that Day. the 23 Day at night I had the
 Cholick. the 24 Day received of Alexander 3 Dollers. the 25 Day
 which is the Sabbath. the 26 Day the 27 Day the 28 Day the 29 the
 30 Day the 31 Day. September the 1 Day which is the Sabbath I
 halled Pork 50 bariels of Pork from the loer stoer to the upper stoer.
 the 2 Day the 3 Day the 4 Day the 5 Day the 6 Day I bought sume
 Sase and had a good dinner and supper as ever I had in all my life.
 the 7 Day the 8 Day which is the Sabbath the 9 Day the 10 Day the 11
 Day the 12 Day I toock Phisick. the 13 Day of the month is our Pro-
 vision Day. the 14 Day the 15 Day which is the Sabbath I toock my
 teem again. the 16 Day the 17 Day it rained. the 18 Day the 19 Day
 the 20 Day the 21 Day was a reainy Day. the 22 Day which is the
 Sabbath it was the Jenerals orders that no labour should be done but
 the black smiths carpenters that make the Carridges for the gundelos.
 the 23 Day the 24 Day the 25 Day came the first frost Preceivable
 in the morning Last night I began to Smok Plote bacco. the 26 Day
 I went to mount independence to halling logs. the 27 Day I brock the
 log slegg. the 28 Day I lay the west side of mount independence with
 my teem. the 29 Day which is the Sabbath toDay I received a letter
 from my wife Dated the 16 Day of September the 30 Day October
 the 1 Day the 2 Day the 3 Day it hailed. the 4 Day I rote another
 letter to my wife. the 5 Day I sent fifteen Dollers to my wife by
 Samuel Bond and a silk hanchachief. the 6 Day which is the Sabbath
 toDay I lay by. the 7 Day the 8 Day the 9 Day I findiced haling logs.
 the 10 Day I Brot over my oxen to ty again this morning. we Brock
 our coock and chose another. this Night there was a hard frost. the
 11 Day it snoed. the 12 Day the 13 Day which is the Sabbath. the
 14 Day I received thirteen Dollers for teeming. this night there came
 in a number of our men that the reagulars toock aboard the gundelos.
 the 15 Day the 16 Day this Day I brought up four oxen for the service
 of teeming. the 17 Day it Rained the 18 Day. I was appointed to
 take care of the hay and take orders from the wagin master. the 19
 Day it is fare this night I had a pain in my eaere very hard. the 20
 Day which is the Sabbath. the 21 Day the 22 Day the 23 Day the 24
 Day the 25 Day October. the 26 Day year 1776. the 27 Day which
 is the Sabbath the 28 Day: the Kaglens came up to three mile Point

and there they Landed and Sent out four boats in fare sight. one of them came within shot of our cannon to sound the channel over to the other side and when they turned to go back our men fired upon the Boat five Shots. the forth Ball killed two men and cut of a Leftenants thie. the 29 Day the 30 Day the 31 Day November the 1 Day the 2 Day at night I was turned out of our Barrecks. the 3 Day the 4 Day the 5 Day the 6 Day I Lodged in my new Barrecks the 7 Day I drew my weages in my Ridggiment for four months. the 8 Day the 9 Day the 10 Day the 11 Day the 12 Day the 13 Day the 14 Day I was wornd to joyn my ridgment to march to fort Jorge. the 15 Day the 16 Day at Night I was taken at the milklanders and carried up to the Landen at Lake Jorge and there I was put under gard. the 17 Day which is the Sabbath this morning I was Let go without any crime or any reccompence. the 18 Day the 19 Day the 20 Day the 21 Day the 22 Day the 23 Day the 24 Day which is the Sabbath. the 25 Day of November the 26 Day the 27 Day the 28 Day the 28 Day the 29 Day the 30 Day I went to get my Lass money but could not git none. this night I Dismissed the teams December the 1 Day I drew my wages and got a pass to Numbl fore and Crost the Lake and came about 7 miles to a camp in the wods. the 2 Day I crost the crick and came to kouleys there I Lodged there that night. the 3 Day I came up the Lake to Left. Lees and thereI lodged that night. the 4 Day I came to Clarindon the Landlord Bomans and Lodged there. the 5 Day I came to Leftenante grouts and Lodged there. the 6 Day I came to WalPole and Lodged there. the 7 Day I came to Keen to Benjamin hall there.

Ft George

Dec. 7

4. MY GRANDMOTHER'S COVERLET *by* SYRENA SCOTT PARMELEE

Many of our members and readers have in their homes some beloved item of beloved memory. We will welcome their stories—what they are and what they mean. Editor.

In the quiet little village of Bristol, Vt., nestling at the foot of Hog's Back with Camel's Hump in the distance, was the birthplace of my grandparents, the Parmelees and Scotts.

It was here in 1804 my grandmother Syrena Scott was born. It was the average New England family living on a farm on the outskirts of the village. The oldest son, Lauren Sylvester Scott, left the home fireside and entered Yale University, earning his tuition by cutting wood and keeping the fires going. He studied law, and today his photograph hangs in Woolsey Hall among the many other students who made good. When Lauren left home, his mother presented him

with a Testament with the following poem written on the flyleaf:

*When in future distant years
Thou shalt look upon this page
Through the crystal vale of tears
That dim our eyes in after-age,
Think it was a Mother's hand
Pointing toward that better land
Gave this sacred gift to thee.*

*Lightly thou esteemest it now
For your heart is young and wild,
And upon thy boyhood brows
Naught but sunny hope hath smiled,
But when disappointments come
And the world begins to steal
All thy spirits early bloom,
Then its value thou wilt feel.*

Syrena was the younger sister and shared with her brother Lauren his love for books and learning. In those days girls remained at home and were instructed in all the wifely duties—among them to make the necessary articles to go into their hope chests; for already at an early age the young men of the village found the Scott farm a pleasant place to spend an evening. There came one, a very serious-minded youth, whose father was a teacher in the Bristol schoolhouse. Daniel Parmelee was his name, and he was thinking seriously of becoming a minister. He liked to sit by the big fireplace in the Scott home and tell of his ambitions and desires, while Syrena worked on the coverlet which was to be her prize possession in her hope chest. She was sixteen years old in the year 1830.

Her father, being a farmer and knowing the desires of his daughter, gave her a flock of sheep which she tended until ready for shearing. The sheep seemed to sense her need of their wool; so at her call, they would run to her, and she laid a loving hand on the head of each sheep, talking to it as a friend. After the shearing she sorted the fleece; the softest, longest and best quality of wool was set aside for this particular coverlet. The hardest part of all was when she carded the wool. She used a stiff implement and with a brisk motion she removed all dirt, kinks and knots, burrs and grass seed. Then the strands must be straight and smooth until ready to spin.

All hand-woven coverlets were woven in two strips and seamed together, which fact denotes the antiquity of the quilt, as the looms were smaller than those used now.

After the coverlet was woven in the natural color, this maid of

sixteen years was not satisfied. She loved color and this was to be as beautiful as she could make it—for, some day, it would adorn her own home, but where could she get colors? There were no dyes available. "I'll just turn dyer myself," she said. Whereupon she walked into her flower garden and selected first indigo or gentian for the blue shades, madder for the rose, yellow from peach leaves and mullein, and from walnut shells she could get the brown tones. For other colors she could use weeds and "yarbs." She labored carefully, and when she had all her dyes she applied them to the yarns; and behold, she had colors which have lasted for over one hundred and twenty-five years.

The next thing to puzzle her was where to get a pattern, for which she could use these many shades.

One night as she and Dan ("for he was comin' a courtin' now") sat in front of the fireplace—he telling of his plans to study for the ministry—the old family clock ticked away, and at last struck the hour for Dan to go home. Syrena glanced at the grandfather's clock, and behold! the entire pattern for her quilt was there on the face of the clock.

She drew her design, the Tree of Life at the base, flowers reaching out and up the length and width of the quilt. As she embroidered these beautiful yarns, the clock ticked away the hours, days and months, until at last this ingenious pattern adorned the entire coverlet.

The Tree of Life carried the thought of life in its fullest meaning, singing a song of Spring in the heart of a young girl of sixteen years.





LETTERS FROM THE PAST

These are the last of a series of letters written 100 years ago by Andrew J. Roberts and Mathilda T. Roberts of Walden, Vt. from the time of Andrew's departure in January, 1852 for the California gold fields. Andrew was 21 or 22, Mathilda 19 years old when they were married December 17, 1851. During his absence, a son was born. Often discouraged and increasingly anxious to see his family, Andrew stayed on, stubbornly determined to save at least enough from his diggings to buy a small place back in Vermont. Mrs. A. Philip Simpson of Mundelein, Ill. (who kindly sent us these letters) writes that although the story goes that before he came home, her grandfather did make a good strike, he was never wealthy—"a hard-working man, as my father says of him . . . he had two weeks pay coming when he died at 76 of pneumonia. My father was the next to youngest of seven children . . . my grandmother lived to be ninety."

22.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick March 25, 1853

I received a letter from you after not hearing from you almost four months. I received your letter No. eight and did not get any more untill I received this No. fourteen, but believe me after so long a time I [am] glad to hear that you were in the land of the living and injoying good health. Your letter was mailed at Bridgwater. You did not say how long you had been there nor what you were there for. You said you was a going to work out this somer if anybody would hire you. I will [send] you one dollar per week and board you to stay home with Aunt and take good care of the baby and yourself to. That is all the working out I want you should do. Joseph has been writing a letter to Aunt for almost a week now. He been all the time I been writing this doing it up. I expect you will see something new when she gets it. I want you should write what you have called the boy, how he gets along and all about him. You spoke about your last year's bills. I suppose you are some in debt, but I shall send money enough in this letter to pay all your bills I hope. I am going to Coloma tomorrow for the purpose of sending some money to you. I shall send it in this letter if I can send it to suit me. If not I shall send it the next mail. You wanted I should write what I was making

so you might know something about when I should be at home. We do not know one day what we have make to the next. We made nine dollars apiece today but we may not [?] a piece tomorrow. Unless I do better than I expect to now, you will not see me at home untill one year from the first of June next if I am well. I have made some considerable money since I have been here, if I had not lost so much in the river last summer, but I am going to have enough if the Lord shares my life and health to buy us a home of our own when I come home. We have done very well the last three months. My health is very good at this time and hope these few lines will find you injoying the same blessing. I hope you and Aunt have not had any trouble, the reason why you was down [to] Bridgewater. You ought to get along as well as Joseph and I do. I want you should give my respects to Polly Low. Tell her I am going to send the next pretty specamine I get. I want you write all the news in Hardwick and Walden. I shall finish this letter tomorrow. I have bought a draft on Adams and Co. for three hundred dollars which I shall enclose in this letter. You can get Brother Fisher Dudley to carry you to Danville to the Bank and you can get the money on it. If you do not get it to the Bank, you can send it to Boston by Mr. Dellano and you will be sure to get it. I want you should use what you want of it and keep the rest. If Grandfather has paid out anything on that life insurance, find out what and pay it to him. If mother wants her money, send me word and I will send it to her. If Mrs. Hubard wants the money Joseph is owing her, have Dudley pay it to her out of this money and Old Willy also. I do not think of anything more this time so goodby from your husband A. J. Roberts

23.

My dear Husband

Sherburne March 27th, 1853

This is the fourth letter I have written you since I have heard from you. It seems as though I could not wait any longer. Why is it that letters do not go more direct? I cannot think it is because you have not written. I have a great many fears that all is not right, that you are sick or that some accident has befallen you. It seems sometimes as though my heart would burst when I think of it, the many dangers you are exposed to. Many are the bitter tears that have rolled down my cheeks since I last heard from you. There has been so many bad stories told about California of late that I could not help worrying about you from it just as much as possible, because I knew it was only an injury to me, but it does seem hard that we

must separte so long for a little gold. I think we shall know how to prize each other's company if we ever meet again. It seems as though it would be [the] happiest day of my life. Do not stay longer than next summer. At any rate we can get a living, someway, I think. I have been sewing some since I have been here. Perhaps you think I might have earned my living since you went away, but you would not think so if you had been here all of the time. I am in hopes I shall be able to pay my way for a year to come. The baby will be so that I can turn him off and work out if anybody will hire me. My health is pretty good but cannot say that I enjoy myself well at all. Should enjoy myself much better if I could know that you were well. I received a letter from Aunt last week. She is feeling very bad as well as myself because she does not hear. She said her health was good, but she felt rather lonesome. She wrote that Mrs. Ellis was very sick with a billious fever, but the doctor thought she would be better in a few days. Fanny is married to Allen Cole. Do not know when, should like to see her right well and laugh at her a little. Francis E. or the baby is well. He is all the comfort I have when I do not hear from you. I think I shall go back to Bridgewater next week if the going is good. I do not seem to have much news to write today and besides do not feel much like writing. Feel too downhearted. Hope I shall feel better before I write again. Do not fail to write once a fortnight and come home as soon as possible. Yours in haste from your Wife M. T. Roberts

24.

Kind and Affectionate Husband Bridgewater April 17th, 1853
I received your letter of Feb. 22nd last week and I assure you was glad to hear that all was well with you. The last letter I received before from you was dated the 26th of Dec. There was about two months that I did not hear from you. It seemed as though I could not wait any longer. I was downhearted and discouraged as you will see if you get my letters. The days seemed like weeks and the weeks like months, but I feel much better since I received your letter. I feel as though there was some prospect of your coming home now. But my dear Husband I cannot bear the thoughts of your staying there after Uncle comes home. By all means come with him if you have enough to come with. You said you did not know what to think the reason was you did not receive letters from me. I do not wonder you think strange, but be assured it not on account of any neglect on my part. I have not failed to write once a fortnight and what more I can do, I do not know. If I did I would gladly do it. You undoubtedly

feel very anxious not knowing the cause, but do not think dear Husband that I have forgotten you and gone off with another man. No that can never be. No other man can ever have a place in my affection while you are living. They are bound with ties too strong to be broken untill they are severed by the icy hand of death. I have never thought that of you. I have too much confidence in you to think you would go off with any other woman, and I do not think you seriously thought such a thing of me. I cannot think you do but I do not wonder you thought something was to pay, I cannot imagine what the trouble is. I feel very anxious to have the time come when we shall have the privilege of enjoying each others company. I hope that time is not far distant. It seems a great while to look forward to another spring. I hope you will come before that time. I shall look for you this summer, especialy if Uncle Leavitt comes home. My health is good and I enjoy myself as well as I can while so far from you. I have written a great many things to you which, if you do not receive my letters, you cannot know, and I do not know as you will ever get this. It is rather discouraging to write so many letters and not have you get them, but I shall not leave off writing while you are there, whether you get them or not. I received a letter from Aunt Leavitt last week. She was well, but it was rather sickely there. Mrs. Ellis was sick with the billious fever, was better then. She did not write much news except that Fanny was married to Allen Cole. I wrote to you sometime ago what the baby's name was, but do not suppose you got the letter and I will write it again. It is Francis Eugene. Ruby Hodge named him. Perhaps you will not like the name. I should much rather you would have named him. I suppose you will like to know how he gets along. He is seven months old, is a very smart boy, is very playful. He thinks a great deal of men folks, cried after them very often. I think it is too bad you cannot be here to take care of him. You would love him. I know you could not help it, he is so pretty. I think he will creep before long. He is a great comfort to me. Do not know what I should do without him, am afraid I shall love him to well. I have thought some of working out this summer, but do not know as I shall get a chance. There is not many that would want to hire a woman with a baby. I am in Bridgewater at Uncle John Perkins where I have been for three months. I have written all about it in my other letters. Do not know whether you will get them or not. Sister Caroline talks of comeing up this summer. If she does I shall go back to Walden with her, I think. The winter has been very mild, has been but little snow to what there generally is. It is most all gone now. Is not settled going yet.

Has been a pretty good sugar season so far, will not make much more I guess. I do not think of much more to write at present and I will close, so good bye from your Affectionate Wife, Matilda T. Roberts

To my dear Husband Andrew J. Roberts Direct your letters to Woodstock, Vt.

25.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick May 7th, 1853

It is with pleasure that I take my pen in hand at this time to adress a few lines to you. The last letter that I received from you was mailed March 14th. I was very hapy to hear that you were well but some how it does not seem just wright for you to be away down there and me a directing my letter to Hardwick. I would be at Walden and pay your board then have you down there board-free. It would not cost you more than one Dollar and one half per week at Dudleys or anywhere else you was a mind to board. You might go to Uncle Ira's or anywhere that you feel disposed to or remain where you are if you feel disposed, but if you stay down there, I shall pay for your board. I can earn enough here in two weeks to pay yours and the baby's board for one year and I do not want you to live on any of your relation without there receiving there pay in full. It grieved me very much to think you were so downhearted and low spirited. The best way is to take things easy. You thought I had better come home if I ever got money enough, thought we could get a living and there was not much prospect of my doing much better out here. I know I have had rather bad luck, but if I had kept out of the river last sumer, I should had more than one thousand dollars now. I have sent home three hundred which I hope has got home and I shall send some more when Joseph comes home. If not I shall send some more before long. I hope you will not reproach me for not comeing home, for I shall come as soon as I can fech things round to suit me. You know what I came out here for and if you know me, you know I shall not come to the states untill I have acomplished my object. If my health is spared one year more, I hope I can get money enough to get us a small home of our own. My health is very good at this time. Joseph is well. George also sends his respects to all. I do not think of much to write at this time. Hope I shall think of more next [time]. Write all about the folks, all the news and everything you can think of except my unworthy wife. You need not write about her for I am not aquainted with such a

wife. Give my respects to all inquiring friends. Kiss the boy for me. I should like very much to see him and his mar to if I could, but I cannot for the present. Write often, from your husband A. J. Roberts

26.

My dear Husband

Walden May 17th, 1853

I received your letter of Feb. 21st and I assure you it was warmly received. I was at Woodstock. I took the letter out, took the check and went into the bank and got the money without any trouble at all. It was quite encouraging to receive such a letter. I feel as though there was some prospect of your coming home sometime now if your health is spared. I think we have great reason to be thankful that it has been so far, and that you have been prospered as well as you have. It seems to me that if you live to get back with good health it will be all I can ask. It is but precious little that I think of the money, but I believe my dear Husband I look forward to the time of your coming with a great deal of pleasure. Ah yes! Words cannot express the joy I feel in anticipation of that time. Surely it will be a happy meeting after being seperated for so long a time. I received your letter the 7th of May and started for home the 11th. Arrived there the 12th in the morning. Had a very pleasant ride, found the people all well or all the relatives. Mrs. Hastings was sick, Mr. Ellis has been very sick, is better now. It has been quite sickly here this spring. Mrs. Johnathan Ward is sick with the consumption. They do not think she will live long. You said you did not know what I went to Bridgewater for. I wrote you all about it in the first letter I wrote after I got there, but it seems you did not get it. Uncle John and Wife were up here on a visit and wanted me to go back with them and I thought it would be a good chance to save board as it would not cost much to go. I saved a number of dollars by going. Besides, I had a very pleasant visit. They were very anxious that I should stay till you came back. They wanted to see you very much, made me promise to come down again when you got back. You said you did not know what the boy's name was. I have written a number of times but suppose you did not get it. I had named him before I received your letter, Francis Eugene. If you want me to alter it, I will. I am not at all particular. He ought to have a good name, for he is a smart fellow full of mischief. He is eight months old, weighs 20 lbs., does not creep much yet. It does not make me flesh up any to nurse and take care of him. I weigh one hundred and three. Am not very heavy, but my health is pretty good.

I think you made me a pretty good offer, but still if I could work out, I think I should feel better to be paying my way than to be paying out the money you have worked so hard for. I feel guilty to use it. It does not seem right for you to work so hard while I am doing nothing but to spend the money you earn.

May 21st. My dear Husband, I have neglected to finish this letter untill it is to late to have it go in this steamer, it is the first time I have mised since last fall. I am very sorry for this, but if you will not scold this time will not do so again. I haven't numbered my letters till lately I have forgotten the number, but you may know that I write if you do not get my letters because I take a great deal of comfort in writing to you. I have just received a letter from you with check No. two in it. Was very glad that you had began to get my letters again. You asked me if I would let you stay another year. That seems a great while to wait, but as you have taken so much pains to get a little property, I think you had better stay as long as you think it is necessary, although it would be far more pleasing to me to have you here. Yet I will leave it entirely to you to say when you shall come home. James is here. He has just been up to see Fanny in her new Home. She is well. They both send there love. He has been to work at Monpelier. Has got through, is going to N. Y. soon to work with Samuel. He is well, Mother has got Old. Henry . . . [?] have gone to Lyman to live, Allen and Fanny live on the old farm. Bert A. give Sarah the mitten and married a girl from N. Y. I think he served her real mean, dont you? But he has got married now and I hope he will behave himself. Sarah Fair has got a little girl about four weeks old. Aunt is well and all the rest. Aunt is going to write this week. I have not time to write more now. Shall write again next week, good bye. from your affectionate Wife M. T. Roberts

27.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick June 20, 1853

It is with pleasure that I take my pen in hand this evening to write a few lines to you to let you know that I am well and hope these few lines will find you injoying the same blessing. I received two letters from you two weeks ago last sunday. Have writen once since. The mail for the 15th of June is not in yet. You wrote in your last two letters for me to direct my letters to Woodstock, but as Joseph has gone home I thought best to send them as usual. I have not heard yet whether you received the money that I sent home. I shall expect to when the mail comes in. I expect Joseph is at home

now. Today makes 35 days since he left San Francisco. Tell Joseph that I am at work in the claim with Josh Wade. We are making seven and eight dollars a piece per day. Have saved one hundred since he left. I saw old Semoin last Sunday. He told me that the money should be ready on that note as soon as it was dew. I shall pay it to David as soon as received and shall pay him the remainder as I have it to spare. I do not think of much to write about this evening hope I shall have something more interesting to write about next time. I should be very hapy to see you and the baby tonight, but I can not see you for the present. But I can and do think of you. Tell Joseph that I shall not go north. The Gillis boys are at Gold hill yet. George is at Coloma, is well, sends his respects. I hope you will stay at Joseph's now untill I come home. Give my *respects* to all inquiring friends and accept the *love* yourself, for it is all yours. I wish you would write once a week now as there is a weekly mail now. I shall be sure to write once in two weeks, but I must close, so goodbye. from your husband A. J. Roberts

Matilda T. Roberts East Hardwick, Vermont.

28.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick July 7th 1853

I take my pen in hand this evening to write a few lines to you. I have not received any letter from you for four or five weeks. The last one that I received from you was mailed at Woodstock May 4th. I was glad you was well and began to injoy yourself some better than you had done. That is a grate deal the best way. It is not best to borrow trouble. It is the best way to look on the bright side and all things will come out wright at last I hope. My health is very good at this time and I hope these few lines will find you injoying the same blessing. My claim is paying well. It pays us from 8 to 10 dollars per day clear of all expences. I shall go to Coloma tomorrow morning. I am in hopes to get a letter from you. If Joseph has had good luck, he is at home long before this time. Tell him that I do not know whether Semoin's note is paid or not. I shall pay the David Gillis note tomorrow unless something turns up more than I know of now. David was down here last Tuesday. He and Frank and George were all well. I supose you want to know when I am coming home. I have writen several times that I thought I should be at home next spring. I say the same now, but what time I do not know. You need not look for me untill I come. George received a letter from Mr. Ellis a few days ago. They were all well and doing well. Mr.

Ellis thinks of coming home this fall. I feel this evening as though I would rather sit by your side and hold my little boy in my arms and communicate my thoughts and feelings to you by word of mouth then to be scratching them on paper in this manner. But I must wait for that untill I get home. I have not heard from the money I sent home yet. Hope I shall the next time [I] hear from you. I do not think of much more to write tonight. I shall write some more in it at Coloma before I send it.

July 10th. Dear Wife, I received your letter this morning of May 17th and 21st. Was glad to hear that your health was good and that you had received the money that I sent home, although you did not write whether you paid the Vincent note or not, nor Mother. I suppose you will write in your next more about it. I have received your letters of late pretty regular. Tell Joseph I have paid the David Gillis note, \$290.60. The Semoin note is not paid yet. I have been to see Old Semoin today but he is gone to Gold hill. I do not think of much more to write today. Kiss the baby for me. Give my respects to all inquiring friends, from your husband A. J. Roberts
Matilda T. Roberts





Footnotes to Vermont History: A Department

In the October issue a new department was initiated for the purpose of publishing "clues, corrections, interpretations" and traditional versions of deeds or incidents which might furnish a valuable lead to an historical fact. We invited contributions and have already received several which we hope may interest you as much as they did your editors.

1. Lumbering

From Emma E. Cutter, Cuttingsville, Vt.

As I was reading in the last VHS *News and Notes* about the boy who wanted to know some historical facts on early Vermont business, I thought perhaps I could give him something on lumbering in the early days, as I am 82 years old and my people were in that business for many years.

We lived in Centerville, a small village in the town of Wallingford, East Wallingford being our nearest railroad station. When I was a young child there were two up-and-down sawmills. My father owned one, and Mr. Isaac Edgerton the other. Later, Father bought Mr. Edgerton's mill and put in a circular saw which would speed the work. My father also had a shop where they made butter tubs and cheese boxes. Father told me he made the first cheese box made in the State of Vermont. (His name was Hosea Pelsue.) He said in the earlier times they packed cheese in casks (which he also made) and when I was quite young he still had one customer who preferred them.

Now I will tell you something about the method of getting the logs. In winter after having choppers at work in the summer and fall, several men with horses would go on the mountain and make great piles of these logs. Then, as soon as there was snow enough for sledding, the teamsters would get up before light in the morning, feed the horses and themselves, and start while it was still dark and get back to the mill with sometimes big loads of logs, though sometimes the logs would be so large they could only get two on the sled. Usually they would make two and sometimes three trips if everything went well. By spring the mill yard would be heaped full. Sometimes there would have been some put on the pond; then they would string a boom across above the dam so the logs would not go downstream when high water came in the spring.

When this lumber was sawed out, some of it was sold as boards or planks, while some was made into tubs and cheese boxes. The hard wood was used for chair stock, as father had changed the lower saw mill by putting in a band saw, where the chair stock was sawed out.

A by-product of the lumber business was hemlock bark used in the tanneries. This would be peeled off in the woods in 3-foot lengths and sent to the tannery in Cuttingsville, which was run by James Huntoon.

I can remember when there were once twelve sawmills where now there is only once in a while a portable one, and the logs that go by my house are toothpicks beside the ones we used to see. Only some of the oldest people could tell where these first ones were located and there is no tannery anywhere that I know about.

2. War of 1812 (Experiences of Jesse Perse Harmon).

From Jesse Warner, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Warner writes that this account of the War of 1812 was taken from a memoir written by Jesse Harmon late in life. Jesse Perse Harmon rose in the ranks from Private to Sergeant in the War of 1812, was later 2nd Lt. in the Pennsylvania Volunteers, rose to 1st Lt., then Captain, was later Captain, Major and Lt. Col. of the Nauvoo Legion under Gen. Joseph Smith.

I was born in the town of Rupert, County of Bennington, State of Vermont, on the Eleventh of August, A.D., 1795. My father was married on the twenty-second day of November, A.D., 1785, to Triphena Poole. My father and grandfather emigrated soon after my father was married to Rupert, Bennington County, Vermont, from Suffield, Connecticut. Where my father remained until the year 1799, where I remained with my father.

We moved to Castleton, Rutland County, Vermont and there remained untill the Seventh day of October, 1814 and [I] then enlisted into the Service of the United States with my Brother Martin N. (Norton) Harmon, with our father's consent. And shortly after joined the Army stationed at Burlington, Vermont. We remained there a few months and then crossed Lake Champlain with the Army under the command of Colonel Clark to Plattsburgh, and then joined General Hampton's Army, and then remained there a few months.

Sometime in the Month of March 1814 my father came and visited us at Plattsburgh. On the 30th day of March was fought the battle of LaColle Mill, a large fortified stone house at which Major Hancock

commanded, who was the British officer. On the day which our father left us, we took up the line of march from Plattsburgh to LaColle Mill and our father went to the town of Jay to get married to a Mrs. Dunbar, which took place on the 30th day of March at the time we were engaged in the battle, in hearing of the cannon.

We had several skirmishes with the British and the Indians before we reached LaColle Mill, in one of which I received a sleight wound from an Indian Tomahawk. At LaColle Battle my brother and myself was on the right wing of the Army under the command of Colonel Clark in General Smith's brigade. We were exposed to a galling fire from the enemy and my brother received a mortal wound in his breast while fighting by my side and died on the seventeenth day of April following at Little Sharzy [Chezy?] New York and was buried there in the Honors of War.

I then returned with part of the Army by way of Plattsburgh to Burlington, Vermont, there reenlisted on the 5th day of June during the war and left for Rutland County, Vermont, where I remained in the recruiting service a few months and was appointed a Corporal; we then marched for Buffalo, New York. From thence we crossed Lake Erie to Fort Erie, Upper Canada. While there we received a continual cannonading and combatting from the enemy for several weeks and on the seventeenth of September we fought a general battle and spiked several pieces of cannon. We took 800 prisoners and left upwards of 1000 of the enemy dead upon the field of battle. We lost 511 men.

When General Brown observing that the enemy had just completed a battery which could open a most destructive fire, the next day planned a sortie which has been considered a military chef d'oeuvre.

The British force consisted of three brigades; of 1,500 men in each, one of which was stationed at the works in front of Lake Erie. The other two occupied a camp two miles in the rear.

The design of General Brown was to "storm the batteries, destroy the cannon and roughly handle the Brigade on duty, before those in reserve could be brought up." A road had previously been opened by Lieutenants Riddle and Frazer in a certain route through the woods within pistol shot of the flank of the line of batteries and with secrecy as to have escaped the notice of the enemy.

At two o'clock the troops were drawn up in readiness to make the sortie. The Division commanded by General Porter was composed of riflemen and Indians. Under Colonel Gibson were two columns,

one on the right commanded by Colonel Wood, the left commanded by General Davis, of the New York Militia. This was to proceed through the woods by the road which had been opened, while the right division of the troops in the ravine already mentioned was stationed between the Fort and the enemy's works, under General Miller, with orders not to advance until General Porter should have engaged their flank.

The command of General Porter advanced with so much celerity and caution that when they rushed upon the enemy's flank, they gave the first intimation of their approach. A severe conflict ensued for a moment, in which those gallant officers, Colonel Gibson and Colonel Wood, fell at the head of their columns, and the command devolved on Lieutenant Colonel McDonald and Major Brooks. In thirty minutes possession was taken of both batteries in this quarter, together with a blockhouse in the rear, and the garrison made prisoners. Three 24-pounders were rendered useless, and their magazine blown up by Lieutenant Riddle, who narrowly escaped the effects of the explosion.

At this moment the Division of General Miller came up; General Brown, having heard the firing, had ordered it to advance, in conjunction with Colonel Gibson's column. He pierced between the second and third line of batteries, and after a severe contest, carried the first of these. In this assault General Davis fell, at the head of the Volunteers. The whole of these batteries and the two blockhouses, being in the possession of the Americans, General Miller's Division inclined to the more formidable batteries toward the Lake Shore at the moment they were joined by the reserves under General Ripley. Here the resistance was more obstinate, the works being extremely intricate, from the successive lines of entrenchments, contrived with studied complexity; a constant use of the bayonet was the only mode of assailing them; the enemy had also by this time received considerable reinforcements. General Miller continued to advance although suffering severe loss in some of his valuable officers.

The twenty-first under Lieutenant Colonel Upham forming a part of the reserves and a part of the seventeenth uniting with the corps of General Miller, charged rapidly upon the remaining batteries, which was instantly abandoned by the British Infantry.

General Ripley now ordered a line to be reformed for the protection of the detachments engaged in destroying the batteries and was engaged in making arrangements for following up, against the

rear of General Drummond, the success which had so far transcended expectations, when he received a wound in the neck and fell by the side of Major Brooks. He was immediately transported to the Fort.

The object of the sortie having been completely effected, General Miller called in his detachments and retired in good order with the prisoners, and the trophies of this signal exploit.

During the engagement, General Porter, who commanded the riflemen and Indians on the right of the left wing, was taken prisoner by the enemy, whom I, then acting as orderly sergeant, with a small force retook, together with several British officers, before they had time to retreat to their camp.

We then took up our line of march to Chipewa and had a small skirmish with the enemy and lost a few of our men. From thence we crossed the Niagara River and marched to Sackett's Harbor by way of Black Rock, where I remained till the 23rd of May, 1815, when I was discharged from the Army.

3. A Vermont Boy Goes to Sea (1846)

From John Spargo, Bennington, Vt.
New Bedford Aug. 2nd, 1846

Dear Mother

You will I dare say think it strange that I should date a letter from this place, but then knowing me as well as you do it is no more than you would expect. I am now likely to get into steady business. Day after tomorrow I shall sail out of this port in the ship *Euphrates* on a whaling voiage. I shall be gone thirty months. I thought that I had got steady business in that store in Cambridgeport and it is not my fault that I am not there now, but finding there business rather dull after vacation commenced they told me they wanted I should find another place. All the reason they assigned was that they thought I was not calculated for the business. After looking three or four days for work and finding none I shiped myself for a whaling voige. I left such a name in Cambridgeport that I should not be afraid to show myself there again and be sure of a hearty welcome by those who know me there. Now mother I am about to engage in business where many ruin themselves soul and body. Probably there is not more than one in ten that engage in this business who do not become miserable drunken licentious brutes who are not fit associates for swine. So you can see what a chance I have for escape. And yet I think I *shall* escape. But if I become a poor drunken bloke you will never see me again for I never will return to my home without bringing a good

character and a good bunch of money. I have kept all my citizen's clothing. I have got a journal in which I shall write every day and I shall write things just as they are through the voyage and if I am lost and you come across my journal you will know whether I was a steady man or not. I owe Isaac seven dollars and Michael Dugan four dollars which I wish you to pay out of my great fortune there and that will make me square with the world. Yesterday (Sunday) I attended public worship at the Beethel and put my name to the temperance pledge. When you write to me direct your letter to Franklin P. Seabury, New Bedford, Mass.; or put my name on the letter without any directions and then put an envelope with F. P. Seabury's name on it and he will send it to me. Write as soon as possible. I don't think of anything more of importance to write. Give my love to all my friends. Goodbye, Mother, Matilda Clark and all of you.

James H. Sherman

P.S. I came across George Nutting. I should not have known him if he had not told me who he was. He was drunk and black with fighting. I went with him aboard ship where he will get sober. J.H.S. To Mrs. Persis Sherman, Fairfield, Vermont

4. Stillman Foote. A Middlebury Man Migrates to York State

From David F. Lane, Watertown, N. Y.

The township of Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., was surveyed in the summer of 1799. The township was not set off from the township of Lisbon by act of the State legislature until March 28, 1905. The first town meeting for organization was held at the house of Stillman Foote March 4, 1806 and Stillman Foote was then chosen supervisor of the township. He was also chosen one of the two poundmasters. George Foote was chosen an assessor and an overseer of highways. Mason Foote became constable and collector. Later, Stillman Foote became the first magistrate.

Daniel Harrington, a native of Connecticut who afterwards lived in Vermont and in Canada, took up the first land with the view of actual settlement in the town of Canton. In 1800 he took up land where the village of Canton is, on the east side of the Grasse river, and made a small clearing on the river bank, where the fair grounds are now, sowing less than an acre to wheat in the fall of 1800. Having no team, he harrowed the grain with a hand-rake.

Then came Stillman Foote from Middlebury, Vt., who traded his horse, saddle and bridle with Harrington for his lands, including the

wheat crop, which amounted to almost 60 bushels.

Foote acquired the mile square where the village of Canton now stands, and in March, 1801 left his home in Vermont with two teams hauling provisions and furniture. "But upon the approach of warm weather, he was obliged to leave a great part of his load at Willsborough, on Lake Champlain, to be taken, together with the irons for a mill, by the more circuitous route of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River to Lisbon, the nearest accessible point, about 18 miles from his destination," says *The History of Canton*.

"A very poor road conducted our emigrants as far as Chateaugay, where every trace of a road ended, and they were obliged to seek the St. Lawrence at St. Regis, where they crossed and proceeded along the Canada shore to opposite Lisbon. From this point they were guided to Canton by an obscure trace, marked for a road. Mr. Daniel W. Church, who had been engaged as a millwright, followed by water, having charge of the mill irons and remainder of the loading left at the lake."

The following is from D. W. Church's diary:

"March 27 took leave of my family and home. 29th, went to Bason creek, and waited some days. April 1, got a passage for old Mr. Foote (Daniel F., father of Stillman Foote) to Plattsburg, in company with one Mr. Storer, who had a spare horse there, and sent my two men with him. Thought I had taken a prudent step to keep the old gentleman from catching the smallpox, which he would be much exposed to, should he go with me through Canada. 4th. Got our loading on board, and set sail; got myself set on shore at Charlotte to get more loading. The vessel could not wait; I got aboard of another with Johnson, and set sail. Just at night the wind rises, and the evening is very dark. The passengers, of whom there were 50, begin to assist the captain in working it, as it is in some danger. Run in at Peru [New York], and lay at anchor in the swell all night. Could hardly see land when within 20 yards, and suffered intolerably with cold, having no blanket, nor even great-coat. 5th. The wind dies away, and we set our passengers on shore, and sail with a moderate breeze till the morning of the 6th, when we reached St. John. Met with Johnson and my other company, and walked to Laprairie. 8th. Go to the Indian village, 9 miles above Laprairie, and ferry across to Lachine. The Indian village is the handsomest town I have seen in my whole voyage, except Mount Real. To see the Indians at their homes was quite new to me. 9th. Went back to

Mount Real on foot after a canal ticket. Set out just at evening, and it was dark before I left the place. Lost my way, and, returning, was hindered some time, but arrived at my company in so short a time as to surprise them. 10th. Agree with Mr. Tuttle concerning a boat, as follows: He is to have a boat and two hands, or one hand and work himself; and I am to find the rest of the help, and pay the canal ticket. Tuttle is clerk to one Crystler, and takes a passage in another boat, and agrees with Mr. Grant to hire two hands, but the latter cannot, because it is seedtime with the Canadians. We set out without help, but cannot get along, the current is so strong. Happen to hear of two hands, who will go to Point Clair, 8 or 9 miles; hire them, and arrive there. 11th. Go to Cedars with great difficulty. 12th. Arrive at the King's locks, where the hands being all beaten out, leave the boat, and we hire Canadians in their room. I go in the boat, and come very near getting lost in the rapids. Meet with as much hardship as I know how to get along with, and, after toiling as hard as possible, arrive at the head of Lake St. Francis between 9 and 10 in the evening. 13th. Sailing across the lake a little below Cornwall. 14th. Go above Cornwall. Tuttle hires 2 hands, one good, the other worse than none. We find it impossible to get any farther with our loading. Go to Crystler's, and have difficulty in settling with ———, who refuses to allow some borrowed money. 16th. Arrive at Lisbon, at the house of James Turner. 17th. Reach Canton, with seventeen blisters on my hand, occasioned by rowing and pulling the bateau along. Find Thomas down with the fever and ague."

The historian then adds: "Mr. Church was accompanied by Lebbeus Johnson and sons; John Flannegan, a journeyman; Thomas Marvin, an apprentice, and one or two others. He found in the camp Mr. Foote and his father, who had come through on horseback, and others to the number of 12, who all occupied the same shanty, and without the first convenience, as every article not of prime necessity had been left at Cornwall until a road could so far be cleared as to allow of the passage to teams from Lisbon; and on Saturday night they were still three miles from camp, where the cattle were left to browse, and the men came on. The whole party then proceeded to return to them, and the loads were got in. The first clearing was made on the west side of the river, near the water's edge, just below the present bridge. The party immediately set about preparing the frame of a sawmill, but had scarcely begun operations when the camp was visited by sickness, and one of the number stricken down by death. On the 2d of May, Mr. Church, the mill-

wright, was attacked by intermittent fever, contracted the summer previous; and about the same time the elder Mr. Foote was taken with symptoms, at first not understood, but soon too sadly recognized as smallpox. Five of the company had been inoculated, and this operation was forthwith performed upon the other six. Although nearly fourscore years of age, the invalid bore his sickness well, and at one time it was hoped he would survive. But, on the accession of the secondary fever, he grew worse and died. His last words were, 'God's will be done'."

"Mr. Church, at this time, was not able to sit up in his couch of hemlock boughs, and the symptoms were beginning to appear upon those who had been inoculated. Stillman Foote had fallen a few days previous and broken a rib, which disabled him from rendering assistance. They kept the corpse until the third day, watching it by turns, and then committed it to the earth, wrapped in the hemlock on which he died, with a few hemlock boughs below him, and the bark of an elm-tree coffin. There was at this time no medical aid to be had nearer than Johnstown, in Canada, and even this was not to be reached, as the heavy rains had rendered all the streams impassable, so that a young man who had been sent out was obliged to return.

"This is believed to be the first death of a white person in Canton, and occurred May 10, 1801."

Here is resumed the Church diary vividly recounting the vicissitudes of the early settlers in the township:

"May 2. Myself had the fever and ague. 4th. Had an intolerable fit of it. Gloomy times. 5th. Worked. Very rainy at night; camp leaks everywhere; no place to lay down in. Sleep none at all. Had free scope for my thoughts, not having anything to interrupt me but the snoring of the rest of the company, soaking in water. With difficulty I prevent the rain dropping on old Mr. Foote. Let any person imagine himself in the woods, fifteen miles from any house, sick of the fever and ague, one of the company rotten with smallpox, one with his ribs broke, one other ghostified with the fever and ague, three inoculated with the smallpox, and only three well ones, and let him imagine himself exposed to all the rains, without physician, or nurse, or medicines; then let him awake, and find it a dream, and see how glad he will be! 10th. More trouble; the old gentleman died, and I am growing worse every day. The three well ones bury the old man as well as they can in his hammock, and put some barks over him. Hard times for poor Stillman, who had to lay his own father

in his winding-sheet. 13th. Ride out to Lisbon with extreme difficulty. I cannot sit on a horse. Ride barebacked. Get wet with rain through and through. From Canton to Lisbon settlement is fifteen miles without the least opening; very little road, and very many swamps and mireholes. 14th. Go to Dr. Adams' and back on foot, fourteen miles. Half an hour before I set out, while the fever was on, I could not walk across the house. 25th. So far recovered as to ride back to Canton."

Thus ends the quotation from Mr. Church's diary, but the history continues:

"Mr. Church was soon compelled to go back to his friends, and the rest of the party, having partly finished the mill, returned to spend the winter in Vermont. In the spring of 1802, Mr. Foote returned with his family, consisting of a wife, two sons, and a daughter, and they took up their abode in a corner of the sawmill. Mr. Church and three companions proceeded through the woods from Chateaugay, a distance of about 70 miles, without mark or guide but a compass. Their goods were borne by a pack-horse, and they were five days on the pathless road, most of the time in the rain, and towards the last of their journey so short of provisions that they were obliged to subsist upon pork and partridges, of the latter of which they chanced to kill a few on the way. During this summer a single run of rock-stones, driven by a tub-wheel, was got in operation in a part of the mill, and this was the first and only gristmill in the town until after the war."





Folklore Department

EDITED *by* LEON W. DEAN

President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

And the Snows Came

Historical research in our town of Danville has unearthed quite a few "tall stories," but our neighboring town of Walden, which is noted for its annual snowfall, has one story of real merit. I was talking with an old man up in Walden about how deep the snow gets up there on the Heights of Land in the winter time.

He said, "The snow ain't nothing like it used to be years ago. Why, one fall when I was a boy, my father and one of the neighbors got to arguing as to how deep the snow got during the winter. So they went out behind the barn and set up a fourteen-foot rail. Next winter when the snow got to the top of that rail, they set up another fourteen-foot rail on top of that one, and they kept doing that as long as the snow came. When spring came, they had put up sixteen of them fourteen-foot rails, one on top of the other. I don't remember which won the argument."

—Tennie Gaskill Toussaint, Danville



Quaint Sayings

You will notice that unlike the modern slang and college quips, these sayings have no made-up or misused words. They were said in good English. There was life and wit in our language before slang was introduced.

In conversation with a group of young people, I said, firmly, "Not on your natural tintype." I was greeted with laughter and asked where I had heard that. These sayings reflect the times and rural communities where they were coined.

"Always behind, like an old cow's tail."

"Right on hand, like a picked-up dinner."

"Madder than a picked chicken."

"Like a singed cat, better than it looks."

"What the shoemaker threw at his wife, the last and all."
 "As the old maid went to get married, afoot and alone."
 "A lie well stuck to is better than the truth a-wavering."
 "A poor reason is better than not any."
 "As far as you could throw a cat by the tail."
 "Go at it, like a bull at a gate."
 "Tread in a half bushel—work and accomplish nothing."
 "Sit like a bump on a log"—idle.
 "Just for greens"—casual.
 "Not on your natural tintype"—I will not do it.
 "Not by a jugful"—nothing will make me do it.
 "Never be noticed on a trotting horse"—will escape observation;
 get by easily.
 "It's none of my bread and cheese"—nothing to me, or, I am
 losing nothing by it.
 "As the old woman said," is an expression which seems to have
 been used frequently.
 "Everyone to his notion, as the old woman said when she kissed
 the bull."
 "Every little helps, as the old woman said when she spit in the sea."
 My mother told me this story when I was a child, probably to
 teach us children that these sayings should be used carefully:
 A young man went out to dinner, and, as was usual in those times,
 the hostess began apologizing for the food, expecting compliments.
 He said, "It's good enough, what there is of it." Then, sensing that
 he had not said the right thing, he added, "There's enough of it, such
 as it is."

—*Florence E. Waters, Bondville*

—❧—

Pick-Me-Ups

Caledonia County place names: Pudding Hill, Squabble Hollow,
 Mosquito District, Pickle Avenue, Hog Street. According to tradition,
 an immense pudding which was cooked at the top of the hill—
 Pudding Hill—was rolled down it, and the people at the bottom—
 Squabble Hollow—squabbled for it. Hogs were formerly driven along
 Hog Street, and Mosquito District speaks for itself. Pickle Avenue
 leaves us in a pickle.

An old Sutton expression: Potato thump. Potato thump was our
 modern whipped potato. It was plain mashed potato with any fixings

ch as butter and a bit of milk. "

—Mrs. W. C. Connor, Lyndonville



Good Eating

DRIED APPLE CAKE

2 cups dried apples, soaked and chopped fine and boil in 2 cups molasses or maple molasses, add to it 1 cup butter or fat, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 2 teaspoons soda, 4 cups flour, spices of all kinds. Add apples last.

—Gertrude I. White, North Hartland

1897 NEWS ITEM

Greensboro Bend—Mrs. Nathan Batchelder cooked from one barrel of Snow Flake flour: 1 steam pudding; 1 short cake; 16 breakfast puffs; 19 lady fingers; 28 griddle cakes; 28 pan cakes; 10 loaves of bread; 48 cakes; 24 cup cakes; 52 pies; 182 ginger snaps; 200 biscuits; 226 cookies; 491 doughnuts.

—Carol C. Wheatley, South Burlington



Old-Fashioned Advice

My grandmother's constant advice:

"Hope for the best; get ready for the worst; and then take what God sends."

—Mary O. Pollard, Middlebury



What Of It?

Over a hundred years ago there lived a widow, Mrs. Finn, with a son Marcus on the road to Fairfax, in a house where the cross-road came down the hill from Westford and Underhill.

One evening Mrs. Finn sent Marcus to the woodshed for an armful of wood. He did not come back, not until one night seven years later, when he came in with an armful of wood.

Mrs. Finn threw up her arms in excitement. "Why, Marcus Finn!" she cried.

"What of it, Mother?" replied Marcus.

In a few days Marcus disappeared again, and was never heard

from more. It was supposed that he went to sea. "What of it, Mother?" became a by-word in that locality.

—*Frances Hobart, Winooski*

—❧—

Old Saying

The following saying was submitted by Mrs. Eliza Harrington, over eighty years old, now of Burlington, formerly of North Ferrisburg, who says she heard it from her grandmother.

First a son and then a daughter;

Sorrow and trouble follow after.

First a daughter and then a son;

The world is well begun.

—❧—

Saved, by Grab!

The town of Burke comes up with this story about a man in the olden times who was out in his forest cutting some of the big virgin pines that were as plentiful then as daisies are in our fields today.

He was cutting one of those big fellows on whose stump a pair of oxen and sled could be turned around. It grew right on the edge of a high rock ledge.

As it started to fall, he saw that by some miscalculation it was going to pitch over the ledge. If it did, he knew that he could never get it back up again and he would lose it.

Hastily putting his ax against it and exerting all of his strength, he managed to save it, but found that he had sunk into the ledge up to his knees.

—*Tennie Gaskill Toussaint, Danville*

—❧—

Weather Aids

If Thanksgiving mud holds up a duck,

The rest of the winter you'll wallow in muck.

Six weeks after you hear the first katydid look for a frost.

If the chickens' feathers are very thick at Thanksgiving, the winter will be a hard one.

When you see pigs carry straws in their mouths, look for a high wind.

When it begins to snow, notice the size of the flakes. If they are

ge, the storm will soon be over; if fine, it will be a long one.

If the skins are thick on the apples, look for a long winter.

Three white frosts and a storm.

If the snow on the roof melts off, the next storm will be rain. If it snows off, you can calculate on snow.

If the sun looks brassy at sunset, watch for high winds.

The twelve days after Christmas indicate the weather for the following year, each day in order showing the weather for one month.

—*Ruth E. Blakely, Winooski*



1878 Diary

- Jan. 6 22 below zero.
7 28 below in morn and at night.
8 34 below but more moderate than day before.
Feb. 4 Commenced hauling cedar posts to E. & T. Fairbanks, 7 feet long for .15 apiece.
22 Drawed 50 cedar posts 10 ft. long to Fair Ground Co. @ .19.
March 4 Got 796 lbs. of salt of Lindsay at .0071 and bag of fine at \$3.40
June 27 Took 5 lambs and 3 sheep to Moses Gilfillan at 3.00, equals \$54.00. Took wool to F. Clark 138 lbs. at .22, \$30.36.

Special recipes:

Pickle for hams: For 100 lbs. meat: 8 lbs. Salt, 2 lbs. Sugar, 4 oz. Salt Petre, 2 oz. Soda, Water to cover Hams. Boil and Skim. When cold, turn on to the meat, let the meat remain in Pickle two months.

To season sausages: For 20 lbs. of meat: Take 10 oz. Salt and 3 oz. of sage powdered and a wine glass full of pepper and a great spoonful of ginger.

—*Ruth Warrell, Barnet*



Sheep Days

My people have always owned sheep. We used to keep fifty or more adults, and when in the spring their number was swollen by young ones, which quite often were twins, it made a sizeable flock turn away on the mountain pasture for the summer. In the winter

they ran in one end of the barn, which opened into a large covered water shed, where there was a salt box well filled. Around the edge of their pen were built feed racks for hay and grain.

The sheep were no trouble except at lambing time. No animal seems so helpless and frail as a new-born lamb that a mother disowns. Quite often, if there are twins, the old sheep will lavish all her devotion on one and seem to bitterly hate and resent the other. If the shepherd is not on his job, the neglected one will not live too long in the severe March cold. It is usually necessary to put the mother into a small pen for a week or so, until the unwanted one gets strong enough to fight for his share. Once in a while the sheep owns them both, as a mother should, but often shows partiality toward one. If another sheep should have her lamb die at birth, she will quite often accept one of the twins if her own milk is rubbed over it. Then, again, it may require time. Sheep are very stubborn animals. Time and again a shepherd will give up and raise the lamb on a bottle. These hand-raised lambs are called "cossets," and if not confined will follow the one who feeds them as closely as a dog.

I remember one year we had two, one white and one black. After their bottles in the morning, we would put them out in the pasture with the sheep. But every noon they managed to get out and come down to the house, where they bleated so loud and long we were glad to feed them their bottles of milk so they would keep quiet. At first they went back into the pasture by themselves, but they soon discovered it was nicer outside, and we had to take them back. Once back, however, they would stay there until they were brought in at night. Everyone was glad when they were old enough to join the others on Sheffield Heights pasture for the rest of the season.

Lambs, when they play, are apt to run and jump, landing stiff-legged. They will bounce high in the air like a goat. I used to like to watch them race. About a dozen would run together down into the water shed, turn around and race back clear to the end of their pen. One year there was a little cheat who used to go only part way. When the others came rushing back, he would turn and dash for the goal a little before they reached him. He always managed to win. We used to call him the "Cheater." People seemed to get a great kick out of watching the lambs play at night, and used to come especially for that purpose.

Several times we had lambs fall into our big water tub. Their wool became water-soaked, and in no time they would drown. One day my dad chanced to be there when one fell in. He rescued him and

carried him into the house, where my mother wrapped him in a blanket, put him into a wash tub, and set it almost in the oven. Then she had a bright idea and fixed him a drink of sugar brandy and warm water. I helped her, and we turned it down the icy little fellow's throat. My dad said it was useless; he certainly was as good as dead. Not long after, we noticed the lamb was twitching and writhing, evidently dying. Then he lay still. Mother and I went into the other room, thinking we would leave him there until Dad returned. About an hour later we heard a noise in the kitchen. We hurried out, and there in the middle of the floor stood our little corpse as good as new. When he saw us, he bleated lustily. I was very happy to carry him to his mother, who received him with joyous outcries as he rushed to get his dinner.

—*Daisy S. Dopp, Glover*



To The Point

The whiter the duds, the darker the suds.
A young dog barks, an old one growls.
One may look pretty in her graces, but ugly in her laces.
Tears are the perspiration of the soul.
Don't be in a hurry; there is just as much time now as there ever was.

A gossip's tongue and a gum-chewer's jaw
Work with the freedom of an up-and-down saw.

—*Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury*



Catch Problem

Having graduated from Troy Conference Academy in 1910 with good grades, I was "examined" and then granted a license to teach in a rural school.

The second day of school, as I recall, one of the pupils in the eighth grade brought me a question which had to do with board feet of lumber. She said that her uncle wanted an answer brought back at the close of school.

Now, I had never to my knowledge had instruction on how to do an arithmetic problem involving board feet of lumber. But it seemed good "public relations" to try to help out this pupil's uncle, who, I imagined, needed the information.

Desperately I worked on the problem—morning recess, all noon

hour, the afternoon recess. It seemed more complicated the longer I worked. Finally I gave the girl my results and she went home.

My guardian angel must have helped me. This uncle had a book of "catch problems" with which he "tried out" teachers. If they did not get the answer in his book, they were "no good." The whole community took his estimate. My answer was right by the book.

—Clara M. Gardner, Burlington



Vermonters Say

There's hell to pay and no pitch hot; happy as a toad under a harrow; slower than a growth of hemlock; slick as a trout; hotter than love in haying; all in but the shoestrings; knee-high to a doorstep; looks as if it had been sent for and couldn't come; faster than a toad lapping lightning.

—Dale Carpenter, Newport



Revolutionary Puzzle

The following is taken from a collection of odd rhythms and curious stories. It can be read in three different ways. First, read the whole as it is written; second, read downward on the left of the comma in the middle of each line; third, read the lines downward on the right of the comma. By the first reading the Revolutionary cause is condemned; by the other two it is praised:

*Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's 'larms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms.
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join.
The acts of parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight.
The tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who non-resistant hold, they have my heart and hand,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore.
To North and British lord, may honors still be done.
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.*

—Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury



Review of 1951—Abstracts of Reports

The annual meeting of the Society was held on March 26, 1952. At this meeting it was voted to set the date of the annual gathering in July of each year rather than in the early months when traveling conditions often make difficult for members to attend. Also, many of our members are summer residents, and the July date makes it possible for them to take a more active part in the Society's affairs; and, finally, since the amount of the state appropriation is not known until the close of the session of the legislature, determining of the budget for the next two years becomes more accurate with the July date.

I. DIRECTOR'S REPORT *by* ARTHUR W. PEACH

Having adopted the general policy that "history is for every man," the Society can point to a general growth in membership and finances and in widening interest in the state in its activities and value to Vermont. It is inevitable that under existing economic conditions much that the Society could do must wait on more favorable years, but it is my belief that our Society like any institution or business is never really standing still, it is going ahead or going back, and we intend to keep journeying ahead.

Our membership has increased steadily as these figures indicate: 1949—889; 1951—1837. [At present, January 1, 1953, it is 2232.] While the staff has worked steadily at sending out invitations, the interest of members in leading friends to join has been a key factor in the steady growth. Our hope is to enlarge the membership to 3000, which is in all probability the extreme limit we may expect.

Another factor in the Society's growth has been the consistent loyalty and hard work of the staff. Whereas for two years two members of the staff were employed part time on activities outside of the Society's field in the state, now the seven members concentrate entirely on the Society's business. The staff is overburdened and underpaid, a situation that must be remedied.

After much experimenting, with the help of suggestions from our members, the *Quarterly* and *News and Notes* are approaching the form which we hope will make them more successful. Many excellent manuscripts come in that because of the limited space available must wait for publication, and in all probability, at some future time, the

Society should have a monthly magazine. The older quarterly publication served its day well and must continue to for a while, but with widening interest in history and with strong competition in the reading field from radio and television, the monthly can wage a better battle for attention than a quarterly.

Financially, the Society has more than held its own, but its funds are still not sufficient to make possible the purchase of needed equipment such as modern exhibit cases, office items, or travel expenses for its staff to professional gatherings. Its publication funds are not adequate to meet the costs of publishing valuable manuscripts dealing with the state's history. These problems are now being given careful study by our executive committee, and recommendations will be made to the Board of Curators and to the general business meeting of our members.

Gifts of cash in 1951 totaled \$1755; in 1950, they totalled \$308. Of the \$1755, \$1000, the gift of a generous member of VHS, was assigned to the archeological work on the Rivers Site in the Otter Creek region. The report on the work which was under the direction of Mr. Edward Brooks was impressive, the excavation of the ancient Indian site revealing evidence that it was inhabited about 1500 years ago. Mr. Brook's excellent report will appear in the *Quarterly* and will be available as a separate brochure.

The Atwater Kent Tavern in Calais, Vt., has under the direction of our Mrs. Louise Andrews Kent, a Curator and chairman of the Tavern committee, become a chief asset of the Society. Nearly 300 gathered at the Tavern for its informal summer opening. Plans are now under consideration that may lead to the Society's assuming the care of the impressive Old West Church on the hill above the Tavern. The tavern and the church can function as a unit. The formal opening of the Tavern, scheduled for 1953, should be an outstanding New England event with radiating interest far beyond New England.

Other projects go steadily on. The annual Edmunds Memorial Essay contest, open to high school students in the state, brought in about 800 essays, all dealing with Vermont history. This contest, now nearly a quarter of a century in action, has had a marked influence in creating an interest in the state's history. The new scheme of revolving exhibits, planned and executed by Miss Follette and Mrs. Niven of the staff and publicized by Mrs. Koier, has been successful beyond all expectations; and the policy will be continued.

Our members are reminded that all of the staff are at their service, and no one need hesitate in sending in queries or asking advice and

suggestions that have some bearing on personal historical interests; and we are particularly anxious that members coming to Montpelier "drop in" for a visit; all of us being Vermonters, and no one of us with ulcers, know how to visit and like to.

2. LIBRARIAN'S REPORT *by* CLARA E. FOLLETTE

The real heart of the Society's work lies in the department in which Miss Follette and Mrs. Niven function, other members of the staff aiding and abetting them. Quietly items for collections that will serve the scholar, the casual investigator, the individual with some personal question whose answer rests in the far past—quietly and carefully such items are cataloged and recorded; and it is very difficult to dramatize the data that cover such transactions. Then there are the books and manuscripts again carefully selected and cataloged, and all the intricate work that goes with accurate cataloging, so that many years from now or tomorrow, some investigator using a card will not find at the end a blind and hopeless trail. With over 3,000 visitors to the Museum in 1951, many, very many of them with questions, nearly three thousand letters written, over 2000 packages mailed, recorded use of books reaching the total of 13,454—such statistics are merely a faint reflection of the hours of work behind them, hours that go on and on into today, tomorrow, and the far future. Editor.

The statistical report as it is now set up leaves something to be desired. In its framework it does cover the work of the Society in a general way. It does not, however, show the breakdown of certain larger figures to show the respective projects of the Society. For example, the number of letters written: 3,882. Of this number, approximately one thousand were written by the Librarian, covering library and museum affairs, typed for the Librarian by Miss Helen Corry and Mrs. Louise Koier. About two thousand were written by Dr. Peach himself (including the typing). The remainder were written by the Assistant to the Director concerning the sales of publications and general affairs of the Society, including some of Dr. Peach's letters typed for him. Similarly, the attendance figure should be broken down to show the proportion of Museum, library and office visitors. It was impossible in 1951, with changing and insufficient personnel, to keep careful records of the attendance, especially in the library and office. A count was kept, as a test, during one month when the Legislature was here—February—with a count of more than 500 for the one month, for the library and office. The total figure, 23,266, is by actual count, and is to be regarded as less than the real number of visitors during the year. It would be desirable to show what work was done

by each member of the staff. But this (in very much detail) would make too long a report to be published at this time. It can be said, however, that each of the seven members of the staff carried a full load, and most had more work than they could possibly keep up with. Let it not be thought that because the Librarian and Museum Director is the one that signs the report, that she is by any means responsible for all the work indicated! Most of the detailed figures have to do with library and museum work; hence it has seemed easier for the Librarian to make the compilation for the entire staff.

Looking at specific figures—the recorded use of books seems to be decreasing. That can be explained very definitely by two facts. One is the loss of our professional genealogists. At one time, 1948-49, there were five genealogists on the Society's list—all people who came more or less regularly, some, every day. By illness and death this number was reduced to two. Then, the busiest genealogist, Cora Hawes, about the middle of 1951 was employed by the Society as bookkeeper, on a part-time schedule. But this important work for the Society gave her little time for her genealogical work. For some time she had kept an approximate count of books used by her in a week's time while working full time at genealogical research. From her estimate and recognizing that the other genealogical workers would have used fewer books, it was possible to estimate the amount of the decrease which could be charged to the professional genealogists. One other cause would account for the balance. Nineteen hundred and fifty-one was a legislative year. In other such years there were always several wives, or husbands of legislators who were daily users of the library, doing genealogical research. This was not the case in 1951. It seemed that more legislators used the library, but there were none who were regular day-in and day-out workers. Apparently, the use of the library for pure historical reading and research, as distinct from genealogy, has not declined but may have increased. It has been suggested that the library doors kept locked for better supervision might be keeping some people away. It is doubtful if that would keep any persons seriously interested out—though it might keep the casual browsers away. Entrance is always possible through the Society office. However, it is planned to have signs made for the doors directing people to the office at such times when the Library and Reading Room doors have to be kept locked. It should be said here that the 13,454 books were put away by Mr. Hoare—as well as the 900 continuations—just a part of Mr. Hoare's work.

It is difficult to say what caused the drop of 10,000 in the number

of circulars, bills, etc., sent out. Another year it is hoped to keep the figures in such a way that such a drop can be explained. The monthly issues of *News and Notes* (though not the *Quarterly*) are sent out from this office and entail a day's work for Mr. Hoare and Mrs. Hawes just for the mailing routine alone—to say nothing of the gathering of material, writing, editing and proof-reading by Dr. Peach and Mrs. Koier.

The sale of Society publications and Vermont books is under the immediate direction of Mrs. Koier. Sales at the Museum door are made by Mr. Morse and Mr. Hoare and the packaging for mailing done by them also.

The net increase of 1,000 (over the two-year period) in membership speaks for itself concerning the increase in the work of the office—membership invitations sent out, new members processed and dues received and recorded. This work was largely the work of the Director, Dr. Peach, Mrs. Madelyn Davidson and Mrs. Louise Koier, Mr. Pliny Morse, Miss Helen Corry and Mrs. Cora Hawes. (Mrs. Davidson and Miss Corry from January to May.)

The library figures show an encouraging gain over both 1950 and 1949 as far as the permanent records are concerned. All library and museum materials are either recorded in the permanent accession records, listed temporarily in the catalog, in storage, or filed alphabetically pending cataloging later. This work was completely up-to-date for newly received materials at the end of the year. Permanent cataloging has not shown the gain that was hoped for it yet. On the other hand, the work of the Museum has been put on a regular schedule with a total of 67 exhibits arranged or re-arranged during the year, mostly in the second half of the year, after an assistant, Mrs. Stanley Niven, was obtained for the library and museum and after Mr. Pliny Morse returned from his illness, releasing Mr. Joseph Hoare for assisting in the heavy work. Very little cataloging was done in the summer because of the accent on museum work, the large number of summer visitors, and the fact that Mrs. Niven was entirely new to the work and had to learn the routines before much progress could be made. However, Mrs. Niven has done very creditably, having been especially helpful in setting up museum exhibits, keeping the library correspondence, cards, manuscripts and pamphlets filed, and recording the arrival of new materials. Next year, it is hoped that a substantial increase in the permanent cataloging can also be reported.

The books cataloged, the temporary listings and storage represent a part of the cataloging done by the Librarian in addition to teach-

ing, planning and supervising the library and museum work of the others, writing the library and museum letters, scanning and routing the newly received materials, and assisting readers. Mrs. Niven is giving more and more of her time to reader assistance as she becomes familiar with the library.

Mr. Morse's return is evident by the very much larger count of clippings (3,344), all completed in the last six months of the year, in addition to his other duties.

STATISTICS 1951

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM	1951	1950	1949
Accessions—Total Recorded	421	327	335
Library	329	273	295
Museum.	92	34	40
Acquisitions other than purchase			
Transfer from the State Library	20	6	6
Colonial Dames	17	20	19
Gifts and Exchanges.	341	167	249
Library	261	127	207
Museum.	80	40	42
Loans.	62	17	10
Library	50	3	3
Museum.	12	14	7
Cataloging			
Books (Titles)	101	86	165
Volumes.	207	133	214
Temporary cataloging	191	0	86
Storage (No. of books)	19	†	4
Continuations			
Shelved	931	900	1,499*
Analyzed for cataloging	117	61	166
Cards typed for union catalog.	84	81	153
Cards filed in VHS catalog	4,121	1,765	2,928
Newspaper clippings	3,344	1,445	4,451
Museum			
Permanent exhibits cleaned and re-arranged	35	entire mu- seum	very few and
Special exhibits prepared	32	(all cases)	not counted
Museum labels typed	148	3	7

†All storage boxes in VHS rooms numbered and checked in 1950 as part of moving process. 312 boxes or packages numbered by Jan. 1952. *Includes journals and bulletins of Vt. legislature rec'd. but not counted in 1951.

GENERAL

Attendance	23,266	18,590	27,707
Recorded use of books.	13,454	17,551	29,830
Inter-library loan (included in totals)	25	50	36
Correspondence sent out	42,952	54,266	19,286
Letters (included in totals)	3,882	3,330	2,029
Bills, circulars, News and Notes	39,070	50,936	17,257

History queries requiring research answered by mail (included in letters)	71	30	27
Genealogy queries (exceptional)	55	19	39
Packages mailed	2,188	2,269	3,379*
News Releases	10	12	52
Approximate total no. of copies of releases	389	121	478
Cartoons contracted for	34**	54	26**
Purchased by newspapers	136**	221	130**
Speaking engagements of staff members for the Society (chiefly the Director)	51	43	not counted
Membership control records	7,348 (for all members to date) †		
Membership:			
Total, Dec. 31, 1951	1,837	1,412	889
New Members	494	559	211
Deaths	22	15	5
Resigned or dropped	47	21	32
Net gain or loss	425	523	174

First sales of Vermont Story included.
Used only latter part of year.
Artist ill latter part of year.
Control set up for the first time in 1950.

Publications

Printed			
Vermont Quarterly	9,013	5,523	3,000†
News and Notes	27,600	17,500	3,000*
Peacham History (second printing of volume 1)	316		
Sales of VHS Publications	437	482	676
(note: does not include complimentary and review copies or book dividends)			
Vermont Bookshelf Sales	320	279	173
Vermont Story	38	634**	

Distributed largely to members and exchanges free of charge.
First issue dated Sept. 1949.
Sales for E. W. Newton shown under 1950.
All such sales terminated July 31, 1950.

Respectfully submitted,
CLARA E. FOLLETTE,
Secretary

3. FINANCIAL STATEMENT *by* PRESIDENT LEON S. GAY

Financial Report of The Vermont Historical Society for Year Ending 12/31/51.

Condensed by Leon S. Gay from Audit Report of Frederick A. Mayo, Public Accountant, Barre, Vt. The detailed report is available at the office of the Society in the State Library Building, Montpelier, Vt.

CASH FLOW FOR 1951

Receipts:

Cash on hand 1/1/51	\$1,080.85
State appropriation	10,000.00
Income from investments	3,880.71
Membership dues other than Life	7,335.25
Sale of Publications	3,043.14
Gifts for specific purposes plus services	2,478.94
Dividends for Dewey Fund	25.86
Transfers from Unrestricted Funds	785.04

Total Receipts	\$28,629.79
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Disbursements:

Salaries and travel expense	\$18,091.09
Library purchases	904.47
Cost of Publications	8,483.08
Archaeological expense	623.05
Miscellaneous expenses and interest (.38)	197.47
Transfer of Savings Account interest to Trust Funds	195.93
Cash on hand 12/31/51 to balance	134.70

Total Disbursements	\$28,629.79
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Status of Reserve and Trust Funds:

Unrestricted Reserve Funds:

Balance 1/1/51	\$3,986.84
Net income 1951	68.09
Less transfer to Current Funds	-785.04
Balance 12/31/51	\$3,269.89

Trust Funds

Dewey Memorial Fund:

Balance 1/1/51	\$767.44
Income 1951	9.79
Balance 12/31/51	\$777.23

Edmunds Prize Contest Fund:

Balance 1/1/51	\$14,714.81
Income and increase in principal	1,809.08
Less Prize Contest expenses	-340.43
Balance 12/31/51	\$16,183.46

Wilbur Endowment Fund:

Balance 1/1/51	\$108,121.58
Capital Increase and Life memberships (\$900.00)	4,240.53
Balance 12/31/51	\$112,362.11

<i>Real estate, (Kent Tavern)</i>	\$10,649.83
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Total Reserve and Trust Funds plus Real Estate	\$143,242.52
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Current Funds, Cash	137.70
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Total Resources (Other than contents Library and Museum)	\$143,377.22
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Postscript

To a people, history is what memory is to the individual; and memory, press or unconscious, guides the acts of every sentient being."

—Edgar B. Wesley

This quotation from a symposium on the value and uses of history appeared in the Society's *Proceedings* for January, 1944, and seems to outline the essential place of history in our day-to-day living. As the author of the definition implies, history is the universal memory whose kaleidoscopic images show us the mistakes and triumphs of those who have gone before us, and give us that sense of being part of a long and motley procession so essential to a healthy perspective on our own problems and achievements.

Since our Director is taking a much-needed vacation this month, I have asked me to see this issue of the *Quarterly* through the press and write the Postscript. You will miss, as we do here in the office, the deft touch and sprightly humor, but will be glad, as we are, that I have shed for a few weeks his many responsibilities.

* * *

Nancy Barnard Batchelder's quick humor and spirit of service shine through her reminiscences in "Growing Up in Peru" like a bright thread in her own homespun linen. The story ends with her marriage in 1840 to Ira K. Batchelder, an ambitious young man four years her senior who had similar tastes to her own and had taught school from the time he was eighteen years old. Her father, Benjamin Barnard, Jr., came to Peru in 1800 and by 1812 had saved enough to build a frame house and barn. Soon after the turnpike was completed, he opened his house to the public and "kept tavern" until 1835. His motto was "Time is money," and he kept it so well that he soon became the town's unofficial banker. Three times elected to represent the town at the general assembly, he took an active interest in Peru's affairs. At the last town meeting he attended, in 1864, (shortly before his death) that with one exception, he had attended every town meeting for the last sixty years. Nancy's husband, Ira K. Batchelder, was born at Mt. Vernon, N. H. in 1811 and came to Peru in 1819. As a boy, he worked on his father's farm in summer, attended district school in winter until he was 18. He taught school

intermittently until his marriage, continuing his studies first at the academy at Chester and later at teacher's seminary in Andover, Mass. After he and Nancy were married, he farmed in the summer, taught school in the fall and winter for several years. He was elected to the legislature three times, was side judge two years and elected justice of the peace for 52 successive years. Nancy bore him three children: Julia Eliza, James K., Jr. and Edward Baldwin. In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder moved from Peru to Townshend. At the centennial celebration in 1879, Judge Batchelder presented such an excellent paper on Peru's historic background that his fellow townsmen prevailed on him to expand it into the book-length history of the town published in 1899. Nancy and Ira died the same year—1902—when he was ninety years old and she eighty-six.

Today Peru is known, as it was in the last century, for its far-flung mountain vistas. Its beauties are equally appreciated by its summer residents and the skiers who dot the slopes of Big Bromley. But in 1815, when Nancy Barnard was young, and the automobile and railroad still unknown, Peru was famous for the turnpike which started near the Lovell farm in the village and ran westerly for five miles toward Manchester village to the east line of Manchester. In his interesting little booklet, *Manchester in Vermont History*, (on sale at our Vermont Bookshelf), Carl Chapin writes: "The road through Peru gap and over General Stark's route to the Connecticut river, . . . was regarded as the best stage crossing of the Green Mountain-Berkshire barrier between Montpelier, Vermont, and Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Over it passed all traffic from Maine and New Hampshire to Albany, Saratoga and Ballston Springs." A journey to this mountain town is something you may well look forward to next summer.

* * *

Mrs. Johnston's fine beginning of our long hoped-for compilation of Vermont town names and their derivations has stimulated many of our readers and we have included in this issue the results of their and the staff's researches. We were especially interested in E. Parmelee Prentice's (VHS) valuable notes on the naming of Peacham. One thing led to another and we found ourselves thumbing a collection of George Harvey's speeches, from which we culled the quotation on the back cover of this issue. In this speech also, incidentally, he brings in the fact that of all the Vermont towns who gave so generously to the War Between the States, none contributed as high a percentage of her wealth as the small hill town of Peacham. Per-

reluctantly forced to postpone publication of several articles, including the Rev. Charles Folsom-Jones' (VHS) excellent history of the Episcopal Church in Vermont. This is Father Folsom-Jones' first contribution to this publication, but we hope we may look forward to others. Born in Washington, D. C., Feb. 19, 1921, he first attended school in Aberdeen, South Dakota, then studied at Northern State Teachers College and Brown University, from which he received the A.B. degree, and graduated from Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn. cum laude in 1945. After serving churches in Connecticut and Vermont, he came to Christ Church, Montpelier as rector in 1949. Among his many responsibilities, he has been a member of the Executive Council of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont, Chairman of the Department of Missions, Director of the Annual Boys' Conference at Rock Point, Burlington. In connection with this article, we have found in the Society's files a drawing made by Bishop Hopkins, an accomplished artist, of the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington which he founded and which closed its doors in 1917.

* * *

We turn with reluctance the final page of the correspondence between Andrew Roberts out in California and his brave young wife Mathilda, back in the woods at Walden. Reading the glowing news reports of the 1850's from the California gold fields which Mrs. A. Philip Simpson, Andrew Roberts' granddaughter, has sent us, we begin to understand dimly how Andrew could leave his bride so soon after their marriage, why he remained stubbornly at his diggings despite discouragements. In October, 1851, for instance, this story appeared in a Vermont paper, appropriately headed, "The Biggest Gold Story": "A young man from Newburyport writes, under date of Sept. 14, that a party of fifteen men discovered a vein of gold $4\frac{1}{4}$ feet wide, 4 feet deep, and had followed it 7 feet, it being over two-thirds pure gold. We have been calculating the value of as much of it as had been uncovered, and find it would be worth over ten millions of dollars."

* * *

In Jesse Perse Harmon's experiences in our Footnotes to Vermont History, you will find information on the fighting that took place on land while MacDonough was carrying through his great victory on Lake Champlain.

Jesse Warner (VHS) of Salt Lake City, Utah, who sends us this

on the War of 1812, writes that Jesse's grandfather, Martin Harmon, served in the company of Capt. Silas Burbank in the 12th Massachusetts Regiment from July, 1779 to May, 1780; that his son, Nehemiah Harmon, was an ensign in Capt. Noble's Company Col. Ira Allen's regiment of Vermont militia, and that his uncle, Nehemiah Harmon, Jr. also served in Ira Allen's regiment.

* * *

At last we can look forward to reading a full account of the romance and history tied up in the Lake Champlain shipping in the old wheeler days. Curator Ralph Nading Hill, jr. tells us, with a sense of relief, that he has completed his *Siderwheeler Saga* and that the book will appear in the early summer. He has been at work on the story off and on for the last ten years and his researches have carried it along into the stream of commerce as it spread west and south into the growing nation. But the last 25,000 words, he says, concern the life of one individual Lake captain. The story will make a fine addition to our Vermont Bookshelf and we are eager to see it.

* * *

Those of you who have in your homes a treasured piece of handiwork lovingly stitched by a Vermont great-grandmother will enjoy the one we did, Syrena Scott Parmelee's delightful sketch on the making of her grandmother's coverlet. It is good to know that such living reminders of the past are being carefully preserved and that the arts and crafts embody are being revived in the Vermont of today.

* * *

While we are on the subject of Vermont crafts, we are reminded of the suggestion of Paul Bourdon, one of our curators, N. Grier Smith, II (VHS) has kindly sent us a copy of *The Decorator* in which we find his article on John White, chairmaker and decorator of Woodstock. In it he tells this unusual story which shows how Vermont chairs traveled round the country and which I am sure he would remind our quoting here. "Just one hundred years ago," he writes, "two or three such chairs played an unusual role in the life of my father's grandfather, E. H. Williams. He had recently completed the road line from Lachine Rapids, in Canada, through Caughnawaga, Plattsburgh, and had gone west to the Michigan Southern & Northwestern Indiana Railroad as Superintendent. An important part of his responsibility was for new trackage into remote sections, and being an engineer at heart, he spent much of his time in the field with the Engineer Corps. On one such trip during the winter of 1862 he became separated from the rest of the party and with

storm approaching and night coming on, he was rejoiced to see a light in an isolated cabin, with promise of much needed shelter. He reached the cabin only to find that the woman and her children were alone and through fear of Indians and Renegade Whites, she would open to no stranger. This she told him through a small opening through the door. 'How can we be strangers,' he said, 'when I see you using John White chairs?' It appeared that these people came from Hartland in Windsor County, Vermont, and he from Woodstock, the shire town of the county, where John White had his chair shop, on Oil Mill Pond."

* * *

Looking ahead to the new year and the years to come, we send you across the centuries this prayer from the Fast Day Proclamation of Governor Thomas Chittenden, written at Williston the 24th day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, which still applies today:

"That He would extend the blessings of freedom and liberty, civil and religious, among all nations; put an end to tyranny and arbitrary power . . . and humble the proud oppressors of mankind."

L.E.K.



GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded a hundred and fourteen years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, aiming to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, and its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie development in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIBRARY MEMBERSHIPS. \$100. No annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society. On receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

ASSOCIATES. \$25 annual dues. Includes subscription to *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of each book published by the Society in the current year.

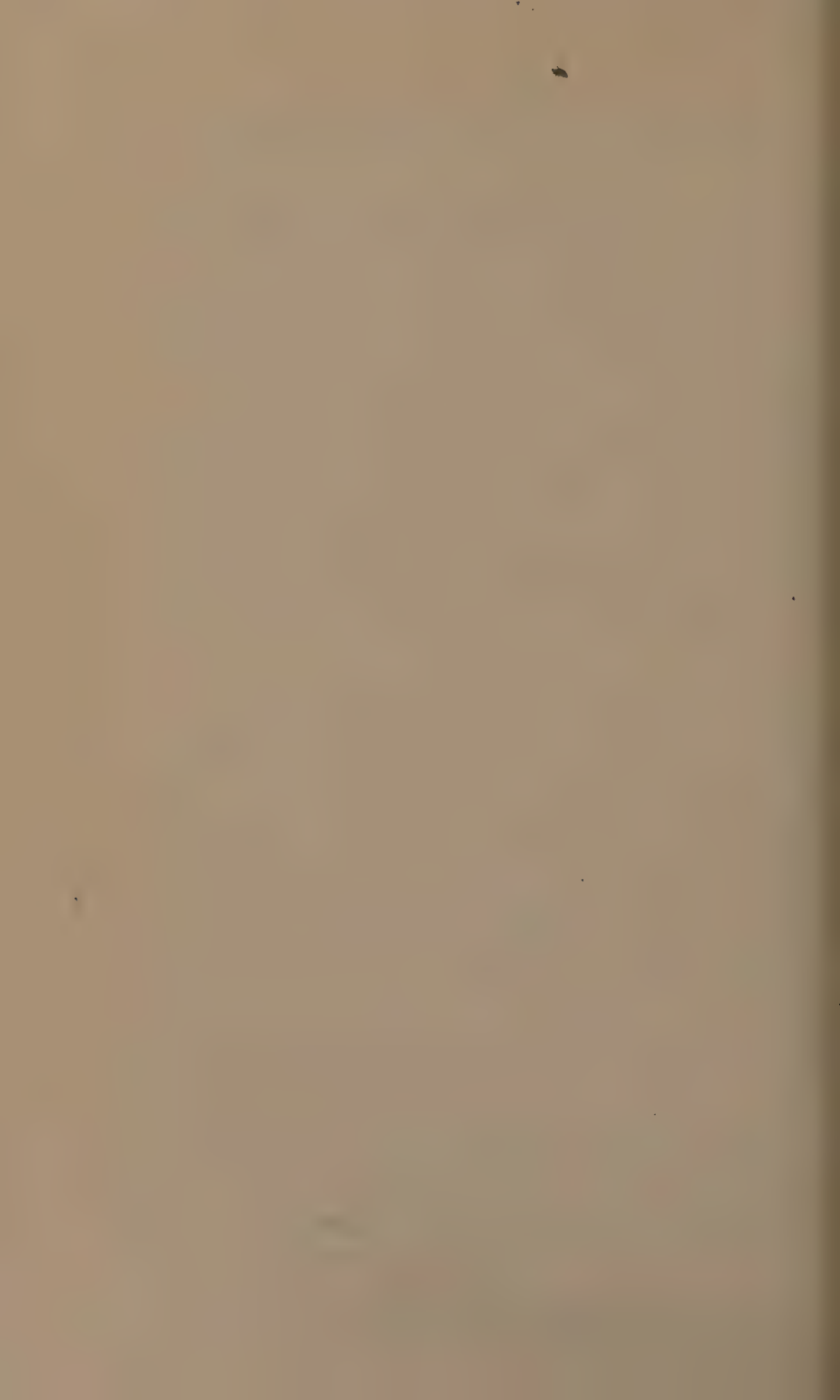
INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIP. \$10 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.S. News and Notes*, and free copies of monographs or other special studies containing the results of economic research in business and industrial fields from a historical point of view.

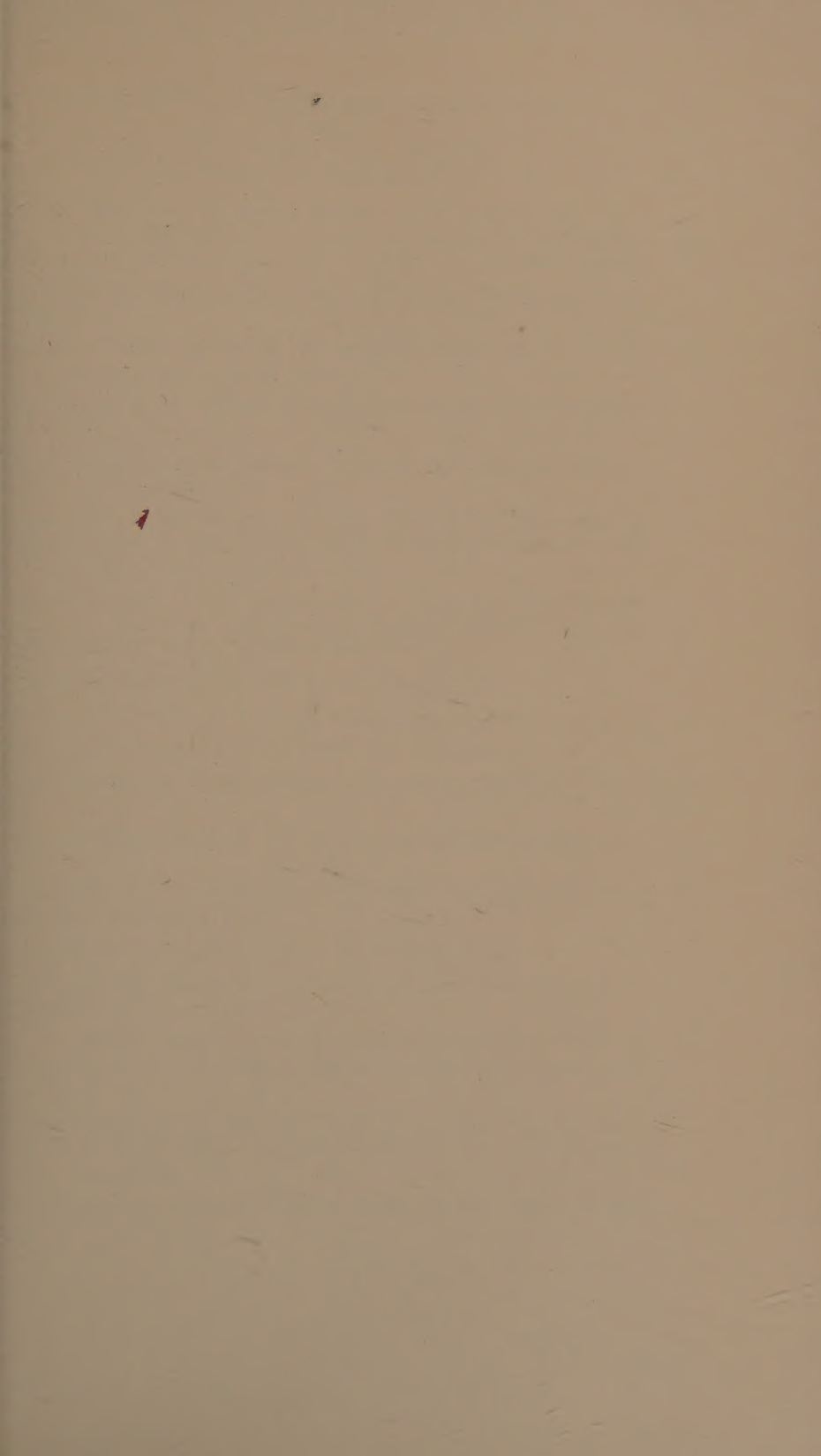
TRAINING MEMBERSHIP. \$5 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.S. News and Notes*, and a discount of 33⅓ percent on selected Society publications.

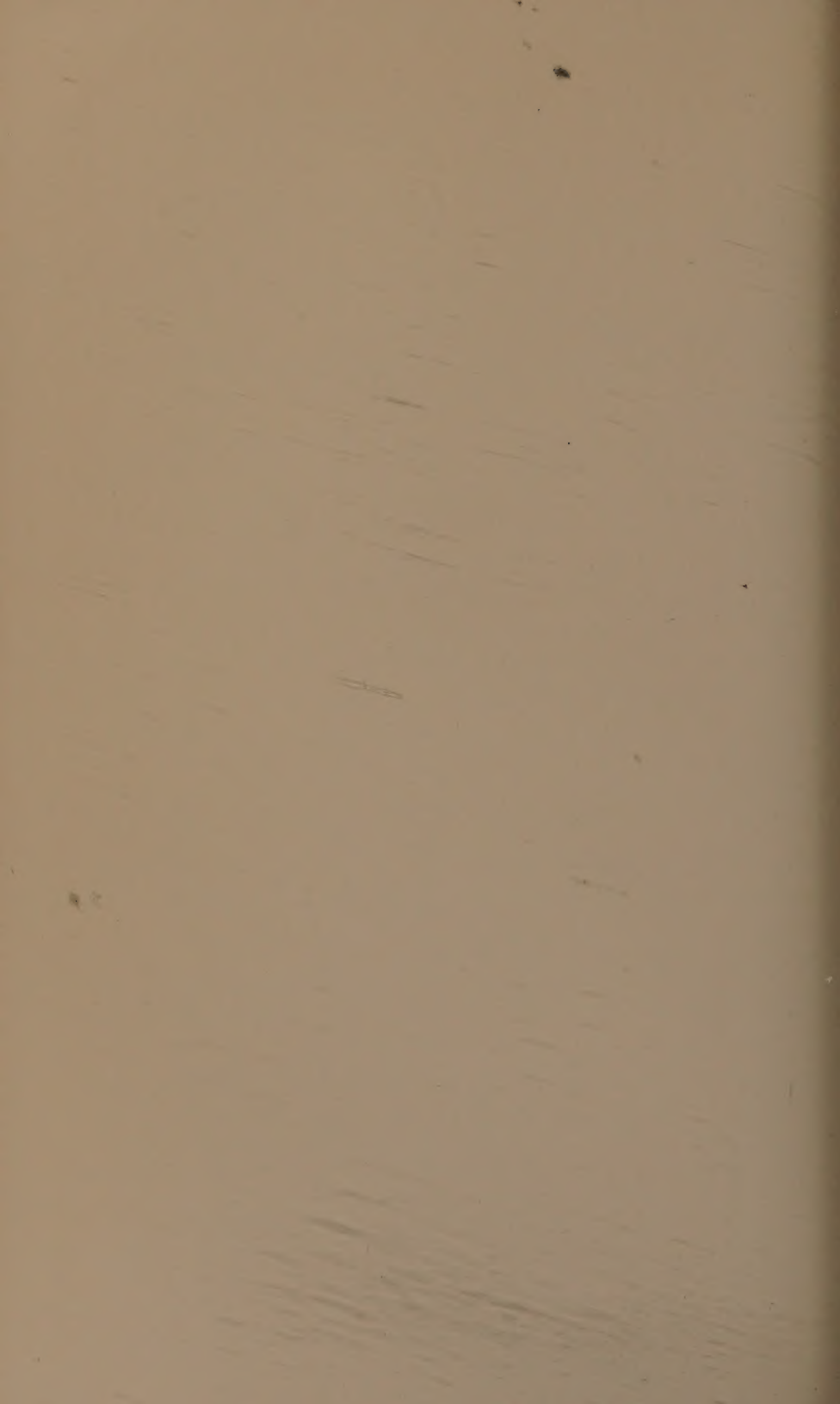
YOUTH MEMBERSHIP. \$3 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, the *V.S. News and Notes* and a discount of 10% on selected Society publications.

All members are entitled to the complete services of the Society, including answering of questions involving historical matters, the assembling of research data, the preparation of club programs, the furnishing of speakers for special occasions, and various other forms of assistance.

Membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.







SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS
of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

s listed below may be ordered directly at the price shown. Active
bers of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume,
pt those starred. Sustaining members are given a 33⅓ per cent discount.

The Capture of Ticonderoga by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes.
72 pp. \$1.00

Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor by W. R.
Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. \$3.00

Vermonters by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces,
their records. 187 pp. \$1.50

Dake of Castleton by H. W. Congdon. Vermont's most beautiful buildings.
6 pp., 24 photographs. \$1.00

*The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of
Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827-1856*
by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. \$3.00

*Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from
the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by
Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. \$1.00

People of Wallingford by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. \$3.00

History of Londonderry by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. \$3.00

History of Marlborough by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. \$3.00

History of Barnard by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding maps.
9.00

History of Pomfret by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding maps.
5.00

Leacham: The Story of a Vermont Hill Town. Vol. 1. 494 pp. 29 ill., maps,
ppendices., bibl., index. \$6.00

List of Pensioners of the War of 1812 by B. N. Clark. \$1.50

*Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of
Vermont*. Folio, 233 pp. \$3.00

The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818-1862 by Frederick
Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates.
Index. \$3.00

Vermont Lease Lands by Walter T. Bogart. Definitive treatment of ques-
tion of lease or glebe lands assigned for educational and religious uses.
92 pp. Index. \$6.16

The Vermont Story by Earle W. Newton. 535 ill. Bibl., index, 281 pp.
7.50

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH,
"VERMONT AND PEACHAM"

BY GEORGE HARVEY,
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN (1921-1923)
AND NATIVE OF PEACHAM, VERMONT

The truth is—and I weigh my words in all seriousness and am prepared to uphold the contention—the truth is that the record of Vermont as a resolute champion of individual freedom, as a true interpreter of our fundamental law, as a defender of religious faith, as an unselfish but independent and uncompromising commonwealth of liberty-loving patriots, is not only unsurpassed, but unmatched by any other State in the Union . . . it is not without a thrill of exultation that we realize that the flag under which we sit tonight is her flag, the flag of the free and independent Republic of Vermont, adopted by the same convention that abolished slavery, the first flag made in all the world that guaranteed universal freedom, the flag that was maintained for thirteen long years against odds that might have dismayed the heroes of Sparta, the flag untarnished, its blue and gold as pure as the gleaming snow which soon will rest lovingly upon the verdant hills, the fruitful meadows and the little churchyards about which there cluster memories so precious and so sacred that, like the storied Zion to the Hebrew singer of old, 'her very dust to us is dear.'

(Delivered before the Juvenile Library Association of Peacham, Vt.,

August 14, 1910)